

THE
SURPRISE:
OR, THE
GENTLEMAN
TURN'D
A POTHECARY.

A TALE Written Originally
in *French* Prose; afterwards
Translated into *Latin*; and
from thence now Versified in
Hudibrastics.

— *Virgo Preiumque & Causa Laboris,*
OVID.

L O N D O N:

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THE CURE



T O

OUR FAIR

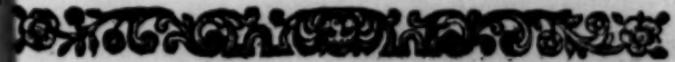
READERS.

THE Muse presumes to lay before ye
(If not a true) a merry Story :

Nor need ye fear our Mirth will burt ye,
Since 'twill instruct while it diverts ye.

A Fair-one, tho' surpriz'd, you'll see
Preserve good Sense and Modesty ;
And Manly Courage, Wit and Truth
Conspire to bless a lucky Youth.

Your Censures then, ye Fair, suspend,
Nor let the Comic Scene offend ;
But read the Tale, and mark the End.



A



NOBILIS PHARMACOPOLA.

MULIERUM nobilium & formosarum Methodus, quatenus ad Venæ Incisionem, Clysterumque Infusio-
nem, proculdubio admodum salutaris est, tum ad integrum Valetudinem sustentandam, tum ad formam adjuvandam, sed maximè omnium Clysteres;

quibus



THE SURPRISE.

BEAUTY's of Health the Offspring
fair :

B

Then Health deserves the Lady's Care,
For this, among *Parisian Dames*,
(Well skill'd in raising am'rous Flames)
The healthy Custom does obtain;
To *Clyster*, and to breathe a Vein:
But Chief the *Clyster's* warm Injection
Is judg'd a Friend to the Complexion.

4 NOBILIS PHARMACOPOLA.

quibus frequenter Araminta utebatur; non quòd plus solito cuti Nitorem inducere potuissent, sed potius ut Pulchritudinem vegetam moventemque so- spitarent, quam nec creare nec augere penes se po- testas erat.

Fortè evenit, cùm jussisset Tempestivum hoc Alexipharmacum curari, & ab Ancilla certior facta fuisset, omnia prout imperaverat parata esse, ut super Lectum recumbens, Corpus ad imbibendam Medicinam componeret, miraque ac singulari Patientiâ auxiliare munus expectaret. Mirâ Patientiâ, dico; abdita enim vis iræ celerius Maciem & aniles Rugas inducit, atque omnes insignioris formæ Fœminæ sese quasi Jurejurando obstrinxerunt Formis & Faciebus, quibus plurimùm sperant, potissimum inservire.

Hera

This, *Amarinta*, blooming Maid,
Would frequent use in Beauty's Aid.
Not that her native lucid White
Acquir'd the least Addition by't,
Nor Art had Pow'r new Charms to give,
But only a Preservative.

How Fortune's pleas'd to hamper Folks !
'Tis happy when she only jokes.

It happen'd once, when as the Fair
Had bid her Maid the Thing prepare ;
And when the Maid inform'd her Lady
That all, as she had will'd, was ready ;
The Fair betook her to the Bed,
Herself in proper Order laid,
And waited *patiently* the Maid. }
In *Patience* wise ; for Ire to smother
Would wrinkle her like any Mother ;
And all the Fair, whom *Venus* graces,
Are ever faithful to their Faces ;
And hold it as their bounden Duty,
On all Events to serve their Beauty.

6 NOBILIS PHARMACOPOLA.

Heræ jam Corpore composito, prout dixi, atque, ut mos est, ita accommodato, uti quicquid in Cubiculo ageretur ipsa observare non potuit, Ancilla se in pedes conjicit (aperto Ostio relitto) ad afferendam Mappam. Eoque temporis articulo, dum Linteum perquiritur, passu tacito Timantus (Dominæ admodum familiaris) ascendit Scalas, spectansque additum cuicunque patuisse, etiam Cubiculum ingreditur.

Quod primùm Visu deprehendit par erat formosissimarum Clunium: quibus visis, paulisper secum dubitabat, partim præ Reverentia, partim etiam præ Stupore. Sed paulatim ad se rediens, & toto Lumine circumcirca lustrans,

si quis

The Lady, as before we said,
 In such a prone Position laid,
 As serv'd effectually to blind her,
 Unless she'd also Eyes behind her ;
 The Wench t'her nimble Heels betook,
 For a forgotten Cloth to look ;
 And in her Haste the careless Slut
 Omits the Chamber Door to shut.
 Just in this Absence of the Maid,
 While hunting for the Cloth mislaid,
 Up Stairs *Timante* gently came ;
 (One well acquainted with the Dame)
 And finding all the Passage free,
 While none perceiv'd him, in bolts he.

Of Beauty what a sudden Blaze
 Strikes our Spectator with Amaze !
 As double-topt *Parnassus* shows,
 When cover'd with the new-fal'n Snows.
 Wonder and reverential Awe
 Fix'd him a-while at what he saw.
 But now beginning to resume
 Himself, and looking round the Room,

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3 NOBILIS PHARMACOPOLA.

*si quis adfuerisset, in Instrumentum quoddam flectit
Oculos, supra Catbedram, propè Spondam ab An-
cilla positum. Id innocenter admodum Vir bonus
attollit, oneratumque inveniens, nec seipsum procul
à Scopo, Pharmacopolâ deficiente, in animo statuit
executionem illius Negotii sibi suscipere, & con-
ficit, tantaque Dexteritate, ut nulli Parisiensi Ar-
tifici secundus esse videretur.*

*Exemplò, consummato Opere, clam se subduxit
Timantus, tam clanculum quam irrepserat, omni-
busque sui adventus insciis. Interea Araminta in-
tra Velaria se contraxit, stragulaque co-operta, ne
male se haberet, componit membra Quietis.*

*Nec tam citò Timantus domo egressus erat, quin
omni festinatione descenderet Ancilla,*

mille,

The S U R P R I Z E.

To see if any One were there,
He spy'd an Engine on a Chair ;
Which he, good Man, with harmless Mind,
Took up, and guess'd the Use design'd ;
Which seem'd unto him pretty clear,
It being charg'd, the Mark so near ;
But finding no Apothecary,
Resolv'd the Task himself would dare he ;
And so he did, and play'd the Part
Like a top Master of the Art.
Him *Phæbus* might with Envy see ;
Than *Phæbus* more successful he,
More beautiful than *Daphne* she.

{

This done, without a Mortal's View,
He secret as he came withdrew.
Mean Time the Fair t'avoid all Harms,
Within the Curtains veils her Charms,
The Coverlet upon her throws,
And timely seeks a soft Repose.
So western *Sol*, in *Thetis'* Lap,
Withdraws his Beams, to take a Nap.

'Twas well the Spark no longer stay'd,
For now in Haste returns the Maid,

Excuses

TO NOBILES PHARMACOPOLA.

mille, dum properat, parans Excusationes, ne Hera stomachabaretur, quæ tam diu redditum suum expectaverat.

O factum benè, inquit, de isthac gaudeo, Domina, utcunque evenit, te tam meritò, teipsum fovendo, valetudini indulgere. Sed nunc citò, si placet, adsum tibi. Et meherculè Clyster, priusquam ascenderat Ancilla, aliquantulum calidior erat.

Quid (exclamabat Araminta) sibi vult hæc Inepta, vin' quidem ut repetam? & duos unà vice admittam?

Duos! Hera, veniam oro (inquit Ancilla) nibil tale prorsus abduc babuisti.

Apagesis, tu nimium lascivis (ait Araminta) & finas ut hunc ejiciam, priusquam alterum injicias. Nonne tute ipsa jam nunc unum mibi adbibuisti?

Non equidem, Domina, ita me Dii ament, (dixit Puella)

nam

Excuses forming by the Way
T'her Mistress, for the long Delay :
And, ô dear Madam, she begun,
Upon my Word, you've rightly done,
And it delights me more than Wealth,
To see you thus consult your Health.
But now, if you're dispos'd to rise,
I'll serve your La'ship in a trice :
And ere I went, of this I'm sure,
The Clyster was too hot t'endure.

What means the Fool, (her Lady cries)
What two at once ! let one suffice.

Two ! Madam, (quoth the Maid) I pray
Your La'ship's Pardon, when I say,
That no such Thing you've had to Day.

Away, (quoth Madam) fooling leave,
Let's this discharge, ere more receive,
Did you not one this Instant give ?

No truly, Madam (says the Maid)
As e'er I hope for Heaven's Aid ;

For

nam toto hoc tempore ipsa. absui, ut in *Solario Mappam* exquirerem. Nunc vero, Hera mea, tibi ipsi te *Pharmacopola* fuisse intelligo: *Vesicam* namque exenteratam esse cerno.

Ecastor non feci ego, dixit *Araminta*; sed nil certius est, quin *Clysterem* in *Intestinis* teneam, & quæcunque immisit *Adjutrix* erat egregia.

Ancilla iterum ac sèpiùs dejerabat, quòd ad se attineret, quo pacto, id fieri potuisset se prorsus nescire.

Hinc avidè & invicem sese speßabant, tantaque *Consternatione* mirandâ quanta potuit maxima, Vocibusque deficientibus, buc atque illuc intuentes, cogitationum *Anxietates* indicabant. Denique se ipsas recolentes, Cubiculum diligenter rimabantur, ut hanc invisiblem *Adjutricem* investigarent; sed nusquam apparebat.

For all this while above I've been,
 To find a Napkin that was clean :
 But now I plainly understand
 Your own has been the friendly Hand ;
 As by this Token may appear ;
 See ! the Machine is empty here.

Fair *Araminta* makes reply,
 Upon my Faith, it was not I ;
 But certain I within me have it,
 And she's an Artist too, that gave it.

The Maid, for her Part, stands it out,
 She knows not how it came about.

They now on one another gaze,
 With fault'ring Speech and wild Amaze,
 Then here and there their Eyes are roll'd ;
 Their Looks their inward Trouble told.
 At length themselves they recollect,
 And strictly all the Room inspect,
 This strange *Invisible* t'explore,
 But are no wiser than before.

Hence

Ex quo, unanimes Dæmonem esse proculdubio censebant, atque uno eodemque suffragio Domum Umbrii inquietatam esse ejulabant.

Hæc Quiritatio confessim totam Vicinitatem ad Cubiculum Aramintæ contulerat, ut ex ipsis quid rei erat resciscerent. Antilla dicebat, eas à Larvis agitari, & perterreri. Jesu, Maria! (vociferabatur grex, seipso Crucis signaculo munientes) sed quid fecerant? quid fecerunt? Ad hæc nibil aliud ab iis expiscari poterant, præterquam Dæmonem Artem Pharmacopolæ exercuisse.

Hoc ipso tempore Clyster Aramintæ alvum vehe- menter moverat, turbaque sibi, ultra quam oportebat molesta erat. Tormina tamen ventrisque Murrurationes compescuit, donec vix potuit: Tum vero, urgente Dolore gravi, petit ut liberam se relinquere vellent. Quamprimum Turba locum expediverat, Araminta Clysterem Dæmoni rursus reddebat, & bene se habere sentiebat.

Hence both unanimous conclude
 The *Fiend* had play'd this Frolick shrewd ;
 Thus each by t'other's Whimsy daunted,
 They both shriek'd out the House was haunted.

This Uproar brought the Neighbours on 'em,
 To know what Mischief had been done 'em :
 Oh ! (cry'd the Maid) infernal Sprights
 Have put us into Deadly Frights !
 Jesu, Marie ! the Neighbours cry'd,
 Crossing themselves as terrify'd)
 But tell us what they've done to scare ye ?
 Twas all they fish'd from Miss or *Mary*, }
 The *Fiend* had turn'd Apothecary.

Now *Araminta* feels within
 The Clyster's moving Force begin ;
 The Company fatiguing grows,
 Yet she suppress'd her inward Throws.
 Till forc'd at length by griping Pain,
 She begg'd she might alone remain.
 The Company no sooner gone,
 Than she return'd the *Fiend* his own,
 And found herself much easier grown.

Casus hic fortuitus & Pavore plenus erat, sed non ita formidabilis, ut Heroinæ tantum drepentem metus incuteret, quominus illi Pulchritudo sua usitataque Delectatio curæ essent; nec Dæmon ipse potuit Aramintam impedire, quin more solito seipsum ornaret, atque eâdem Vesperâ in publicum prodiret.

Dum hæc agitantur, Timantus, visitandi gratiâ, ad insignis eujusdam Heroinæ Domum ab Aramintæ Cubiculo rectâ contendebat viâ. Interea tam fortuiti casus imaginatio ante ejus oculos continuâ obversabatur, & quoties in mentem venerat, omnino temperare non potuit, quin risum tolleret Societati injucundum, dum unusquisque se contemptui habitum censeret. Tum vero, ut seipsum ab omni culpa liberaret, necessitate quâdam coactus est indicare quid rei erat quæ tam bilarem illum fecerat, ne diutiùs eum male moratum aut ridiculum crederent.

Dum

It must be own'd, this Chance was such,
 It frightened *Araminta* much ;
 Yet could not so the Fair affect,
 Her Charms or Pleasure to neglect :
 Nor could the *Fiend* himself prevent
 Performance of her fixt Intent,
 In spite of all, by nothing aw'd,
 To dress that Eve, and go abroad.

Mean Time *Timante* hasted thence
 T'a Lady's of great Eminence,
 Where he a sprightly Circle join'd,
 Yet could not banish from his Mind
 The comic Scene he left behind : }
 Nor could he for his Soul restrain
 (As it recurr'd) the merry Vein ; }
 But laughing out, inclin'd the rest
 To think themselves become his Jest.
 Of which to clear himself he fell
 Under a Sort of Force to tell
 What 'twas diverted him so well, }
 Lest they should longer take Offence,
 Or tax his Manners or his Sense.

B

Then

Dum Ausum enarraret suum, certiores illos fecit quo pacto, favente Deâ Fortunâ, eidam formosissimæ totius Galliæ Fœminæ Officium Pharmacopœæ præstiterat; & deinde speciatim illis dicebat omnia, celato tantum Ægrotantis nomine. Historia tam jucunda totius Societatis risum concitavit haud repente moderandum. Atque, ut breviter dicam, inter Facetas & Lepores, raro unquam ullum Pomeridianum tempus festiviùs consummatum erat. Pro certo, Nomen illi tale est dicebat, inter cæteras una, vel tale, augurabatur alia; ac inter reliquas, nominis Aramintæ haud immores fuere. Quod è magis crediderunt, tum quia non clam illas erat sua Medicinæ Praxis, tum quia Timantus ipsius Domum sæpiissimè frequenterbat.

Aramintæ, uti satis constabat, Ingenium erat aversatum cum Larvis habere Commercium. Ideoque cum penitus in animum induxisset Cubiculum Lemuribus exagitatum esse,

Then he the mirthful Cause display'd ;
How, by propitious Fortune's Aid,
He'd done th' *Apothecary's* Duty
To *France's* most consummate Beauty :
And then each Circumstance reveal'd ;
His *Patient's* Name alone conceal'd.

The Tale so pleasant, no one there
Immod'rate Laughter could forbear.

In short, the Novelty gave Birth
To so much Wit, such Jokes and Mirth,
No Time was gayer spent on Earth.

'Tis such a one, cry'd one, I know ;
Another guess'd, ber Name is so ;
Among 'em Araminta's mix'd,
Nor sooner nam'd, but there they fix'd ;
They knew such Physic was her Taste,
Timante too her frequent Guest.

{

Fair *Araminta* being averse
From holding with a Spright Commerce,
No sooner took it in her Head,
That Goblins danc'd about her Bed,

maturavit se ornare & foras procedere. Et sic
exiit ad visendam Cephisam, Domus illius Domi-
nam, ubi tunc Timantus interfuit, atque etiam
ubi adhuc (ut dixi) res in quæstione versabatur.
Eius ad adventum in Conclave animadverterunt
stantes Timantum subridentem & erubescensem;
quod Societatem conjecturis corroboravit Aramint-
tam celatam illam fuisse Personam. A Cephisa
blandis & benignis Verbis perhuncā excipitur;
cūmque à Genere & Dignitate Ius peculiare sibi
vendicaret ad libitum loquendi, (postquam non mi-
nus de Vestitu, quām de Aramintæ Pulebritudine,
varias sermonum facetias protulerat) Capitis pe-
riculum adibo, Domina, (inquit Cephisa satis sub-
dolè) bodie te Medicinæ indulſisse, nam tale quid-
dam divinare mibi videtur Crassis vestra. Ara-
minta, ut potuit, rubore rem celavit:

But dress'd to go and leave the Elves
To play their Gambols by themselves.
She went to see the very Dame
We mention'd, tho' we did not name,
Cephise; where *Timante* yet
Upheld the jocular Debate.
When in fair *Araminta* came,
Quick spread his Cheeks the conscious Flame,
And a half Smile the Standers-by
In spite of all his Art deserty;
Which serv'd but to confirm the more
Th' Opinion they were of before.
With Words benign and placid Air,
Cephise receiv'd the lovely Fair;
And (as her Rank and Quality
Might claim a Right of speaking free)
Some sprightly Things began t'express
On *Araminta*'s Charms and Dress;
Then fly proceeds; my Life I'll lay,
You Physic have indulg'd to-day;
So your Complexion seems to say.
To veil it *Araminta* tries,
Yet can't forbid a Blush to rise;

The

ruborem verò illum Timantus simili Tincturâ prodidit, atque etiam subrifione quâdam, cui neque temperare potuit; quanquam ut strenuè istam compimeret, dentes labellis illiserat; ita ut coactus esset ad fenestram se divertere, præ metu ne Araminta animadverteret, causâque imaginaretur. Omnes hæ circumstantiæ, serio pensatæ magis magisque Societatem confirmavere; cùmque Sermones in multam Noctem produxissent, appositumque jam tempus fuisset receptui canendi, unaquæque suum iter instituebat, confidenter nunc securæ, tam Personam, quæ Medicinam admiserat, quâm Pharmacopolam, notos illis fuisse.

Haud ita longo pòst tempore, constante famâ, atque omnium ore celebratum fuit, quòd Dæmon Aramintæ Clysterem administraverat, idque ex sua Ancilla ortum, quæ primò cuidam familiari fuit, usitato Fæminarum more, clanculùm indicaverat;

The like *Timante's* Cheek o'vspread,
 Who something of a Smile betray'd ;
 Which he endeavour'd to restrain,
 But strove and bit his Lips in vain ;
 So to the Window turn'd aside,
 The conscious Blush and Smile to hide,
 For fear the Cause should be suspected
 By her whom it so much affected.

These Circumstances duly weigh'd,
 Th' Observers more and more perswade ;
 And when they'd talk'd 'till late it grew,
 Each went her Way, assur'd she knew
 The *Doctor* and his *Patient* too.

It grew the common Talk ere long,
 And heard it was from ev'ry Tongue,
 That the foul *Fiend* did administer
 To *Araminta* fair a Clyster :
 From her own Maid the Tale arose,
 For (what the very Woman shows)
 She whispers it to one she knows ;
 Who in like Manner to a Friend
 The solemn Secret does commend :

exinde viritim percrebuit, donec ad Aramintam ipsam demum permanaverat: tamque satis certe inter omnes constitit, ut in publicum prodire non potuerit, quin digitis vulgi per plateas monstraretur. Attamen hic Rumor baud diu inveteravit, antequam Timantus Dæmonis vicem in Fabula supplavit, cum illa, utpotè quæ verisimilior esset Relatio, & quæ veritati magis appropinquaret, magis omnibus placeret.

Timantus hoc temporo quo se verteret nesciebat. Nam si (uti solitus) visitando abstineret, facile pro concessu sumptum fore prævidebat, omnes Rumori isti fidem adbibituros: Sic, è contrà, si proficisceretur, idque ei objiceretur, quomodo rem evadere potuit, nescius erat, nisi negatione Criminis inficiationeque facti. In qua re timor illi erat, ne quod promulgaverat Testimonium aduersus eum perhiberet.

Thus round it flew, in Circuit fast,

And *Araminta* reach'd at last.

Twas known to all, and still to blow her

Whene'er she ventur'd out a Door,

The Mob would with their Fingers show her.

Howe'er, this Story was not old,

Before 'twas differently told :

For now, as they relate the Case,

Timante takes the Devil's Place ;

Which pleases better of the two,

Because more likely to be true.

And now *Timante*'s at a Stand,

And Danger waits on either Hand.

For should he now his Conduct vary,

Nor Visits pay as customary,

'Twere yielding of the Matter plain,

And the Report would Credit gain:

Or should he take the Heart to go,

He did not how 'evade it know ;

Unless, when brought upon his Trial,

By standing in a stiff Denial ;

But his own Story, 'twas his Fear ;

In Judgment 'gainst him would appear.

Yet

His Cogitationibus exagitatus, decretit eundem esse; at verò ubi primū atrii limen tetigerat, tam mirifice metu captus erat, ne Aramintæ in offensā esset; animoque tam dubio, tamque ad stuporem usque cordis palpitatione discruciantus, ut omnino suspicaretur se suæ gratiæ multò cupidiorum esse, illamque longè violentius amare quam præviderat. Quod ipsum tanto magis sollicitabat, quia sibi pro certo constabat, illam jam inter Procos habuisse Lycandrum, qui tum Ruri erat.

Inter bas mentis perturbationes Cubiculum ascedit Aramintæ, quam offendebat mille leporibus & venustatibus affluentem, quas pene nunquam prius animadverterat. Nam si credit aliquis quod Mulierem amet, aut amare debeat, hoc satis est, si non voti compos fuerit, hominem redigere ad tantam desperationem, ita ut seipsum Fasciolis suis suspendere non dubitet.

But spite of all his Thoughts' Confusion,
To go, at last, was his Conclusion.

But soon as he'd approach'd her Door,
He found a Dread unknown before ;
Such Fear of giving her Offence,
Such flutt'ring Heart and Mind's Suspence,
As certain Symptoms were to prove
Him, more than he'd foreseen, in Love.
And still, what gave him farther Pain,
He knew among th' admiring Train
Of Aramint, Lycander one,
Who then was to the Country gone.

Amid these anxious Thoughts he came
Up to the Chamber of the Dame,
Whom there he found all brilliant o'er
With Charms he ne'er remark'd before.
(For if a Man once take the Notion,
He bears or owes t'a Girl Devotion,
It is enough, if baulk'd his Hopes,
To turn his Garters into Ropes.)

Timante

*Superventio bæc inopinata paulisper ejus linguam
cohibebat, spectabatque Mulierem tanquam attoni-
tus; è contrario, Araminta etiam stabat tanquam
stupida, bærebatque defixis in terram oculis, an
majori utrorum confusione incertum est.*

*Timantus, ne aspectum quidem Dominae sustinere
potuit, neque Araminta sui Pharmacopolæ; ita ut
circiter quartam horæ partem ambo obmutuerint;
imo ne minimus quidem obtutus emicuit inter eos
ad indicandum quid voluerint, si potuissent prolo-
qui.*

*Tandem Araminta in hunc modum exorsa est,
transversoque intuitu, Timante, (inquit illa) Ali-
quid credo esse injuræ, quod molestè fero, à te
acceptum. Atque — Tum verò reticuit.*

Quod cùm observavisset Timantus,

Domina,

Timante speechless stood, amaz'd,
 And on fair *Araminta* gaz'd ;
 While she appear'd as in a Stound,
 And fix'd her Eyes upon the Ground ;
 'Twas dubious at this Interview,
 Which more confus'd was of the two.

Timante, conscious what he'd done,
 Could scarce his *Patient* look upon ;
 And less could *Araminta* fair
 Her 'Potbecary's Presence bear.
 Some Minutes' Space thus held the Greeting,
 And 'twas a perfect silent Meeting ;
 Without a Glance to indicate,
 Could they have spoke, what they'd be at.

At length the Lady, with a Leer,
 That she could speak, thus made appear :
 Sir, I've receiv'd a base Affront,
 And I believe 'tis you have done't,
 And, Sir, —— But there short off she breaks ;
 Which he observing, Answer makes ;

Madam,

Domina, (inquit ille) existimare nequeo quid quod ita ægrè à me in contumeliam accipias, qui (ita Dii me ament) nunquam aliquid in animo habui, quam ut tibi inserviam.

Attamen aliqua sunt Officia, respondit illa, quæ nollem à Timanto in me conferri; nec verò necesse est dicere cujusmodi sunt.

Utinam ecquando tam fortunatus ille ipse fuisset, Domina, (inquit Timantus) qui officia tibi grata præstiteram, ut discriminarem inter ea quæ tibi perjucunda, atque ea quæ tibi infensa sunt.

Officia mihi probata (inquit Araminta) minimè gentium istius generis sunt quæ tute ipse mihi præstitisti.

Ad hæc juvenile decus pingere Malas cœpit; sed Timantus persequitur orationem, quasi nibil quicquam tale fuisset. Prob dolor, Domina! inquit ille, Officia quæ tibi præstisti!

Madam, I cannot guess what 'tis
 That you should take of me amiss,
 Who never entertain'd a Thought
 But still to serve you as I ought.

Some Services there are, good Sir,
 Quoth she, I'd not have you confer;
 Nor is there any Need to say
 What Sort of Services are they.

I wish I'd been so happy, said he,
 Such grateful Services t'have paid ye,
 As I the Difference might learn
 Twixt those you like and those you spurn.

The Services I like, quoth she,
 Are not the Sort, you've render'd me.

At this a charming Blush arose;
 But he quite ign'rant of it shows,
 And on with his Oration goes.
 Alas, quoth he, dear Madam! pray ——
 Service I've done you, did you say?

I own,

*Fateor me, toto vitæ spatio, omnibus contendisse
nervis vestræ utilitati inservire, sed adhuc, nescio
quo infausto omniæ occasionem semper amisisse.*

*Ut illud faceres, inquit Araminta, certò mihi
constat, qualemque te ansam arripere velle,
priusquam occasionem desiderabis.*

*Qui nunquam habuit occasionem, inquit Timan-
tus, necesse est ut ea destituatur; neque ullam exop-
tarem, nisi commodi vestri gratiâ. Et —*

*Tum Araminta, medium intercipiens sermonem,
Possibile est, inquit illa, ut obveniente occasione,
penes te sit officium mihi præstare, quod vix tibi
referendum est acceptum; & fortasse idem illud
à te jamdudum reverâ perpetratum est.*

*Si sic fuerit, Domina (inquit Timantus) quomo-
dunque clam me est.*

I own, I've ever to this Hour,
Endeavour'd all within my Pow'r
To serve you, but, by Fortune cross'd,
I've always the Occasion lost.

For that, quoth she, all Means you'd try
Ere want an Opportunity.

Who ne'er had any, this you'll grant,
Quoth he, must needs Occasion want :
Not should I wish it, but in View,
Fair Lady, of my serving you.
And —— Farther Complement intended,
She, interposing, thus suspended :
'Tis possible, quoth she, there may
Occasion happen in your Way,
When it's within your Pow'r to do me
A Service little grateful to me ;
And 'tis, perhaps, the very same
Which you have done, and which I blame.

Madam, says he, if it be so,
I'm sure I nothing of it know.

Age, age, (inquit Araminta, attollens vocem)
satis præstigiarum; non me fugit quid perpetrasti,
satisque fecisti ut qui sempiterno apud me odio
fas.

Si tibi inservivi, Domina, ut arbitraris, cur,
inquit Timantus, me detestareris, aut molestia fer-
res, quia tibi operam locavi, nescio.

Veruntamen, inquit Araminta, id ægrè patior,
ægerrimè.

Mentem nequeo ad cogitandum instituere (inquit
ille) id à te ex animo dictum esse; nam si tibi
usui fui, putarem me Præmis potius ut à te
donarer, quam probris increparer, meruisse.

An verò tu solus ignoras, inquit Araminta (post-
quam paulisper sermonem intermisserat, sensiens se
illum non potuisse inducere ut ad rem loqueretur)
quod aliqua sunt officia, quæ nunquam præstanda
sunt, nisi venia prius impetrata?

Quod

Go to, go to, (reply'd the Fair,
Raising her Voice) your Shifts forbear;
I'm not unknowing of th' Exploit,
And fix'd you have my Hatred by't.

If I have serv'd you, as you say,
Cry'd he, then why d'ye hate me, pray?
For thus to take a Service ill,
To me must be a Riddle still.

And yet, the Lady says, I do,
And that exceeding heinous too.

I can't, quoth he, think, for my Part,
That's spoke sincerely from your Heart;
For, if I've been of Use, 'twere hard
To meet Reproach for a Reward.

After a Pause, and somewhat vext
She could not bring him to the Text,
Are you to learn, said she, there are
Some Services you should not dare,
'Till first, by asking Leave, you find
The Doing will be taken Kind?

Quod ad me attinet, ait ille, mea sic est ratio, Nobilissima illa esse servitia quæ clam absque jactatione perficiuntur. Veniae impetratio plus nimis vanitatis & ostentationis redolet, rem in antecessum publicando; evenitque sæpenumerd futile tantum prætextum, cum id quod conati fuimus, consequi nos posse desperemus. Quod supereft, inquit ille, plus semper generositatis habet, ut quilibet de seipso reticeat, non modo dum servitium absolutum, sed si fieri potuerit, in æternum, inde ab illo tempore quo servitium absolutum fuit:

Et tu, inquit Araminta, nihil fecisses melius, quam si istius servitia sua reticentis gregis te præbuisses unum. Nam Servitium quod nunc in item venit, istius ordinis est, quod Reprehensionem multò magis quam præmium mereatur.

Servitium quod tibi præstisti, (reposit Timanus) proculdubio novi & inauditi generis est, si tale fuerit quale est à te relatum; sique id quicunque præstisset se commissæ facinus nescius sit.

'Tis my Opinion, answer'd he,
Those Services the noblest be
In Secret done, from boasting free.
And asking Leave to do a Favour,
Too much of Vanity does favour;
'Tis Ostentation and a Shame,
The Thing before-hand to proclaim;
And oft' it proves that we pretend
To that which fails us in the End.
In fine, quoth he, 'tis always held
More generous to lie conceal'd,
As well in doing of a Favour,
As after, if we can for ever.

{

And, Sir, quoth she, 'twere mighty well,
Did you ne'er of your Service tell;
For that which now is in Dispute
Blame more than a Reward does suit.

The Service which I did, quoth he,
A strange unheard of one must be,
If such 'tis as you're pleas'd to show it,
And he that did it does not know it.

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And he that did it does not know it.

*Esto tam facilis, quæso, ut te exorem mibi suggerere vel aliquod indicium edere, quo rem intelligam; tibique confirmo simulac primum resuscitam, me non tam serupulosum fore ut inficier. Id dico præviderat, ut quo se verteret ipsa nesciret; Et sentiens se illam in Labyrintham induxit. At, Domina, inquit ille, Servitium quod amimadever-
tis, tam tibi penitus, ut mibi videtur, quæm mibi prorsus ignotum est; Et tute istius quod passa fu-
eris, minùs rationem reddere potis es, quæm agomot ipse illius, quodcunque fuit, quod ipse præstisti.*

*Age, age, inquit Araminta, nosmet ipsos intel-
ligimus; Et cùm Servitium ita sit ignominiosum,
ut fixum tibi sit illud abnuere, haud ita multum
laborabo te certiorem facere,*

Pray be so good, the Thing suggest,
 Or give a Hint, whereby the rest
 I may conceive tho' not express;
 And I assure you, soon as e'er
 I'm let into this dark Affair,
 I shall not scruple to declare.

His saying this, he well foresaw,
 Would her into a Puzzle draw;
 And finding she was pos'd indeed,
 But, Madam, quoth he, to proceed:
 No more than I you seem to know
 The Service you reflect on so,
 And you, that did the same receive,
 A less Account of it can give
 Than I my self, if I am he
 That did it, whatsoe'er it be.

Away, quoth she, with farther Quibble,
 Teach other we're intelligible:
 And since you've by Denial shown
 The Service is too base to own,
 I scarcely think it worth my Pain
 The Matter farther to explain.

Quid multa, tale Servitium fuit, quod apud omnes antiquæ Virtutis viros tibi Famæ notam inurere valebit; cujusque, prout meruit, sempiternò memor ero. Sed satiùs esse credo nobis aliquid confabulari.

Dum Timantus reponere studuit, ipsa sermonem intercipiens: An fuit inauditum tibi, dixit, facinus cujusdam Viri nobilis, qui nuperrimè non infimæ sortis Fœminæ Clysterem immisit?

Etiam, inquit Timantus, (non paulum perplexus Interrogatione tam inopinatâ) audivi tantum, at mibi quidem non hercule verisimile est.

Aberras à proposito, reposuit Araminta, nam si verum si falso sit, idem illud ipsum mihi videtur esse: attamen ad rogatum responde,

In short, it must so vile appear
To all who Virtue's Laws revere,
As on your Fame to fix a Blot;
And ne'er by me shall be forgot.
But if we change this trite Discourse,
I deem it will not be the worse.

While he was studying a Reply,
Thus *Araminta* put him by:
Have you not heard, quoth she, the Prank
Play'd by a Spark of noble Rank,
Who with a *Clyster* serv'd a Dame
Of no inferior Sort or Fame?

Yes, Madam, quoth he (somewhat shock'd,
The Question coming so unlook'd)
I've heard on't, but it seem'd to be
Not very probable to me.

You wander from the Purpose wide,
His fair Antagonist reply'd;
If true or false, it don't affect,
But answer me to this direct.

If

Si tu istius vice functus essem, quid consilii capere voluisses?

Tum Timantus, quoniam illuc non adfui, ad amissum exprimere non possum quid illuc transigissem, perinde ac si interfuissem; neque pulchrum calleo quale ingenium gerere mibi placuisset.

Age, inquit Araminta, sed uti nunc inclinat mens, quid agendum putas, si quicquid tale jam-jam accideret?

Rem ipsam monstra mibi, Domina, reposuit ille, tibique ostendam quid fecisse vellem; nam in alias deduxi sumus cogitationes, quando Species rerum objectarum ante oculos versantur; aliter judicamus, cum Imaginaciones tantum animis contemplemur.

Si nescis quid egisse voluisses,

The SURPRISE.

43

If you were in that Person's Stead,
Inform me, how would you proceed?

Timante then; as 'twan't my Lot
To be there present on the Spot,
I can't so nicely how declare
I should have acted, if I were;
Nor knew I, so as to depend on't,
What Humour would have had th' Ascendant.

Pish, quoth the Fair, but put the Case
As happ'ning at this Time and Place;
How think you, in your present Mind,
Should you be to behave inclin'd?

Shew me the *Thing itself*, cry'd he,
And what I'd do you'll quickly see:
For other Thoughts within us rise
When Objects are before our Eyes,
Than when Imagination brings
Ideas only of the Things.

Then since, cry'd *Araminta*, you
Are ign'rant what your self would do,

Inform

dic fodes, inquit Araminta, quid agendum ab altero putas?

Id, aiebat ille, summam afferat rei difficultatem; nam, Domina, si mibi non constituit quid ipse egomet agerem, quo pacto me divinare credis quid alter à seipso peragendum voluisset?

*¶ Non te rogo, (dixit formosissima Araminta, pru-
lis per exardens) quid tute ipse constituisses, aut
quid alter (si Casus tam fortuitus acciderit) ab-
solvere voluisset, sed quid à te, vel ab altero fac-
tum oportuerat?*

*Domina mibi sic videtur, inquit ille, (ut quid
sentiam non reticeam) venerationem formosæ bujus
Mulieris Clunibus debitam Contumeliā illum affe-
cisse, si coram illis se tam superstitionis gessisset,
vel si receptui cecinisset præ metu ne Podex suppuleret,*

Inform me, if you'll be so good,
What you opine another wou'd ?

Madam, quoth he, too hard indeed
That Chapter is for me to read ;
For if it don't appear to me
What Conduct I'd my self decree,
How think you then I can divine
To what another would incline ?

I ask you not (reply'd the Fair,
A little angry, as it were)
What you, or what another would do,
But (in such Case) what either should do ?

Madam, quoth he (without Offence
If I may speak my honest Sense)
A Lady'd count it a Disgrace
And high Dishonour to her Face,
Should one an equal Rev'rence shew
Behind her Back to what's below :
Or should he modestly withdraw
For Fear of shaming what he saw,

*Twould

pro deridiculo videretur, effeminatumque tam presentis Animi, quam Urbanitatis defectum indicavat. Nimiis non opus est Cæremoniis, Domina, dum occupati sumus circiter ea loca, & utrique sexui periisse mibi videretur ille, qui cum in tam notabilem insperatamque obvenisset occasionem, oculos cobi-beret. Non quin concedere potuisset Dominæ, quæ tam negligenter deprebensa fuisset, perleviter com-moveri & conturbari, nec illam pergraviter repre-bendere in animo haberem, si virum, qui suæ saluti tam officiosè incubuisset, arrogantem vel belluimum appellâisset. Attamen, Domina, ut aperte tibi fa-buler, Fæmina, quæ satis rem suam intelligit, & ut sunt Mundi mores sapit, nunquam de re tam nullius momenti maximas Turbas daret; sed sponte sua potius Vocationem agitaret, ne ab aliis fieret. Quorsum procreantur Homines, nisi quod Fæminis utiles esse possint?

Twould subject him to Ridicule,
As quite unmanly and a Fool.
For when we're doing Bus'ness *tho'*,
All Ceremonies needless are,
And either Sex should him disclaim,
As a mere *Thing*, without a Name,
Who should so blest Occasion slight,
And bar his Eyes the glorious Sight.
Not but I could allow the Fair,
Surpriz'd so negligent and bare,
To shew a little vex'd and mov'd ;
Nor is she much to be reprov'd,
If she th'officious Man purfu'd
With Names of impudent and rude.
But, Madam, (be so good t'excuse
The honest Freedom that I use)
She that herself entirely knows,
And how the World in Manners goes,
Would never rave and make a Rout,
So trivial an Affair about ;
But rather start herself the Joke,
Lest it be done by other Folk.
For what did Nature Men intend,
But that they Women should befriend ;

Et si sua præsent Officia, nibil refert qualis sit occasio. Ab! Domina, Pars illa delicata est & mollis: Quis scit, quin Aeris præ frigore intemperies, momento temporis vitæ suæ periculum injecisset? Clysterisque virtus omnino evanisset, si mora ulla plus justo frigidorem illum reddiderat. Etiam tibi licet animadvertere, ut quamprimum opus suum peregisset, non minus clanculam discessit. Obsecro te cuius Criminis jam totum hoc quantumcunque est arguendum esse arbitraris? nisi tu virum propter Humanitatem tantum condemnare velis; vel ob Prudentiam, ut qui oblatam tenebat occasionem, dum Dominæ tam decoræ inserviret? Hæc mea sententia est, Domina, & quod effecissem si vicem illius belli Hominis implevissem; & quod ab altero faciendum censeo, si tam bellissimam nactus esset opportunitatem.

Hæc disceptatio multum admodum Aramintæ pudoris incusst,

quem

No Matter then on what Occasion
They answer th' End of their Creation.
Ah! Madam, nice that Part's and tender,
The Lady'd nought from Cold to 'fend her,
A Moment's Time, for ought one knows,
Her Life to Danger might expose :
The Clyster too would cool by Stay,
And so its Virtue die away.
Mark too, that soon as serv'd the Dame,
He went as secret as he came.
Pray, then, in all this Act of his,
What judge you has he done amiss ?
Unless he's criminal you find
For being thus humane and kind ;
Or for his Prudence, not to slip
The Time to serve her Ladyship ?
This, Madam, is my Sense sincere,
And such the very Course I'd steer,
If plac'd as that Gallant I were ;
And so I think another ought,
Had Chance the kind Occasion brought.

At this Discourse a blushing Grace
O'erspread fair *Araminta's* Face,

quem non paucis levioribus artificiis, acies oculorum saepius avertendo, vel aliis astutis, satis calidè pro facultatibus, ab Timanto celavit. Et cum finem dicendi fecisset, Eja, inquit illa, Istud si tibi persuasum habes, sic habeto; attamen tibi confirmare possum, quod seorsum abs te sentit ipsa, cui permulcunt interest Historia; fastidit hominem; cumque sibi prorsus innotuit te unum in toto terrarum orbe ex animo Amicum esse suum; Hoc mihi in mandatis dedit, ne vultum ipsius posthac aspicias, atque ubicunque visa fuerit, ut absis illinc; idque ut erat imperatum, abhorror te, quod multò tibi satius erit sponte tuâ rem mandatam exequi, quam vi cogi.

Hæc comminatio nibil est quod me terreat (inquit Timantus) sed, tui ergo, tibi me dedo; sub ea conditione tamen, ut quænam sit hæc Fæmina omnium speciosissima mibi dicere clarius digneris. Desistuit me, Domina, divinandi facultas: Illam igitur tam mibi penitus ignotam quo pacto devitare possum?

Which she with pretty Artifice,
As distant Glances of her Eyes,
And other Shifts as crafty, try'd
From Notice of the Spark to hide.
And when he'd done, 'tis well, quoth she,
If that's your Mind, so let it be ;
But she whom this Affair does touch,
I'm certain, differs from you much ;
She loaths the Man, and since she knew
His dearest Friend on Earth are you ;
Enjoin'd me strictly, that you ne'er
To see her Face hereafter dare ;
And if by Chance you light upon her,
It is her Will, you straitway shun her ;
And that you do so I perswade,
Or by Compulsion you'll be made.

This Threat, he cry'd, me ne'er can shake,
Yet I submit me for your Sake ;
Upon this same Condition tho',
That who's this Fair you let me know.
The Gift I have not to divine ;
How can I then th' unknown decline ?

Prout à te statutum est, neque ullam unquam post
bac formosam Fæminam mibi licebit intueri, præ
metu ne foret ipsa eadem exceilentissima Domina,
cujus à conspectu interdictus sum. Non, non sic
Domina, nimiò plus bonitatis ac moderationis in te
situm esse certus sum, quam ut aliquid tam tetri-
cum aut iniquum à me postules.

Si totius Sexus abdicatio felicitate singularis tuæ
gratiæ, jucundissimâque consuetudine fruendi loco
tibi satis esset commutationis, ultrò fidem meam ob-
stringam, nunquam ullius cuiusvis Mulieris faciem
præterquam tui ipsius me visurum, atque omne id
deputabo esse in lucro, si tot quot reperiri possint
Venusates in universalî muliebri specie diffusas de-
relinquere cogar, pro concursu barum omnium in
una eadémque tua Persona.

Id requiris quod minimè concedendum est, (in-
quit Araminta) læsa námque Domina atque ego,
tam unius Animæ participes sumus, ut aliquid im-
possible aggrederetur qui uni placuisse studeret, ali-
quid faciendo, quicquid id erit, quod alteri dis-
plicere contigerit.

By this odd Law impos'd by you,
I ne'er must pretty Woman view,
For fear that she should prove the same,
The very interdicted Dame.

No, surely, Madam, you're more good,
With more Humanity endu'd,
Than to require a Thing of me
So hard and void of Equity.

If quitting all the Sex would do,
To obtain your single Grace in lieu,
And give me to converse with you,
I readily oblig'd would be
No other Woman's Face to see,
And count it Gain when I resign'd
The scatter'd Charms of Womankind,
For all those Charms in you combin'd.

You ask, cry'd *Araminta*, more
Than we can grant on any Score ;
For 'twixt th' offended Dame and me
There's such a perfect Unity,
That nought in Life can either please
That proves to t'other a Disease.

Quamobrem obnixè te flagito, ut nunquam ad me salutandum venias, nec posthac meipslam alloqui ausus sis, usque ad supremum vitæ terminum.

Hoc inhumanum ac barbarum est (inquit Timantus paululùm commotus, virum tam temerè tamque crudeli pœnâ multari, ob delictum quod nunquam admiserat, Dominæque causa de qua nunquam male meritus fuerat. Dic illi nihil esse plus injustum; Etiam —

Satis, jam satis supérque de hac re (inquit Aramina) nisi memoratu dignior esset. Nimiò plus fecisti quàm tu iniquam vocas, non fugit quinam istius facinoris author erat. Nihil interet singula narrare; rem rectiùs tenere potes, etiam si à nobis nullum indicium haberes. Restat mihi Amicæ meæ fideliter inservienti, ut te consulam tibi esse diligentissimè Lingam continendam, ne moderandi modos imperare cogatur :

Modos,

To me your Visits then forbear,
Nor e'en by Word t' address me dare,
So long as you draw vital Air.

{

With some Concern, he cry'd alas !
You rash and barb'rous Sentence pass ;
So cruelly to punish one
For what by him was never done,
And all this for a Lady too,
He never harm'd, nor ever knew.
Tell her, nought more unjust was e'er ;
And —————

{

———— We've enough of this Affair,
Quoth she, unless more worthy 'twere.
You've done what you'll not own, 'tis plain,
And she whose Justice you arraign,
Of Information has no Need,
She knows the Author of the Deed.
Particulars nor need I tell,
You know the Thing without as well.
It rests alone, that, for my Friend,
I Silence to you recommend,
Lest she, th' Injunction to enforce
Should with you take another Course,

Modos, quos multis de causis, satis sibi cognitis adhuc omisit. Neque rem cogites evadere, clamitando te extra culpam esse. Contrarium tibi denuntio. Conspectus fuisti cum domo egressus sis: Aut si nemini visus fueras, quo pacto aliter censere potuisti, quin id quod à te tam palam fuisset divulgatum, ad ipsam Dominam demum permanaret? Age, age, (inquit illa gemitum dans) delibera quid à te factum fuit. Idque perpendito, æternumque valeto.

*Verbis bis prolati, proximum intrat cubiculum,
atque in Conclavi seipsum concluisti.*

Timanto nunc otium erat sigillatim omnia quæ transacta fuerant recogitandi; cùmque sibi constaret, aut totum id in lucem prolatum esse, vel confessim emanaturum; induxit animum, ut quicquid mali accidisset, totum id in melius verteret; nam Facetiis & Festivitate rem eludi, quam se purgando vel pernegando maluit.

A Course sh'as bitherto thought fit,
 For sundry Reasons to omit.
 Nor think will serve the poor Evasion
 Of crying out, false Accusation !
 I say, the contrary 'tis clean,
 You going out of Door was seen :
 Or say, that on you none sat Eyes,
 How could y' imagine otherwise,
 Than what your self so public made
 Would to the Lady's Ear pervade ?
 Come, come, (said she with heaving Sigh)
 Think what you've done, what you deny,
 And so adieu, eternally.
 This said, she to next Room withdrew,
 There closetted her self from View.

Timant had Leisure, now alone,
 Each Passage to reflect upon ;
 And, on the whole, as he could see,
 That all was known, or soon would be,
 Resolv'd, whate'er had gone awry,
 To set aright again he'd try ;
 So rather chose to make a Jest on't,
 Than to deny the Thing when prest on't.

When

Cum paulisper quid ageret cogitaverat, offendens Atramentum & Papyrum supra Tabulam, tanquam ut voluisset, accommodatum, mandavit Literis cogitationes suas, ibidemque relinquit, tam propè Peristromata, tamque palam & ante oculos omnium, ut si qui Cubiculum ingredierentur, impossible fuisset quin viderent, & sic discessit; sibi credens, minimè dubium fore, quin ad manum, quam designaverat, obviam esset; & quod quamprimum egressus fuerat, Araminta è Conclavi suo rursus in Cubiculum emergeret. Vix ostii limen reliquerat, quin id ipsum attingeret Neophilæ, festiva Puella, ex intimis Timanto admodum familiaribus una. Quod primum oculis accepit, erant Literæ à Timanto scriptæ, quas cum intercepisset, extemplo per legere non dubitavit, (nam satis certum est, quod bæ tam jocose Puellæ quicquid ad libitum agendi jus peculiare sibiipsis vendicent.) Hoe scriptum tam immo- deratè Neophilæ rijum concitaverat, atque ita repenitè erupit,

ut

When he had thought upon a little
The Handling an Affair so brittle,
Finding upon the Table there
Paper and Ink, so pat as 'twere,
His Thoughts t'a Letter he consign'd,
And 'gainst the Hangings left reclin'd,
So fronting, and in such a Light,
No Comer-in could chuse but spy't ;
And then departed clear of Doubt
The proper Party'd find it out,
When on his quitting of the Room
She'd thither from her Closer come.
But scarcely gone from thence was he,
When in there came *Neophile*,
(A Lass of Humour brisk, and janty,
And well acquainted with *Timante*)
First Thing whereby her Eyes were smitten,
The Letter was that he had written,
Which taking eagerly in Hand,
To read it through she made no Stand ;
(For all such Mad-caps hold it still
Their Right to do just what they will.)
Neophile, when read the Joke,
Into so loud a Laughter broke,

As

ut profusa cibinnatio Aramintam è Conclavi de-
duceret, útque quid aetum fuit intelligeret: Et eò
factum est, ut quum iterum Neophila perlegeret,
magis magisque cibinnum tolleret.

Amabò, quid tibi in mentem venit? (inquit
Araminta.)

Omnino nibil, solummodo Papyrus suprà Tabu-
lam hic inveni (subjicit Neophila) cuius, ut op-
por, tu rationem probabilem reddere potis es, si tibi
non molestè fuerit.

Minimè verò, si in eo salus mea verteretur (re-
plicat Araminta) Ego nunquam ædepol illud his
oculis vidi.

Age, age, (inquit Neophila, limis subridens ocel-
lis) abit dissimulatio, communia cum oportent esse
Amicorum inter se omnia. Verissimum est, Nomen
Aramintæ huic Papyro non inscriptum esse, atta-
men planissime patet quod Fabula de te narretur;
si possis, inficias eas.

Dic,

As brought fair *Araminta* out,
To see who 'twas, and what about:
On which *Neophile* once more
The Mirth-exciting Script read o'er,
And was as merry as before.

{

Prythee, what's come into your Head?
(The serious *Araminta* said.)

Only this Paper that you see,
(Reply'd the brisk *Neophile*)
Which here I found upon the Table;
You're, I suppose, t' account for't able.

No, on my Life, the other cries,
I ne'er beheld it with these Eyes.

Neophile, with roguish Smile,
Cries, get you gone, forbear your Guile:
Among true Friends, I've ever thought,
No Secrets to reserve we ought.
'Tis true, your Name's not written here;
But plainly in the Tale y' appear,
Deny the Matter howsoe'er.

{

Come,

Dic, dic, amabò, cur simulas id tacitum tanquam mysterium à me tenere, quòd totus terrarum orbis jurejurando firmare præfò aderit. Hoc oris Aramintæ colorem mutaverat, quanquam Neophilæ, multò magis quam alteri, quid vellet loqui sibi libitum esse deputabat: Attamen iterum ac sèpiùs etiam asseverare non dubitavit, seipsam de isto Papyro penitus nescire, cum nec illud perlegisset, neque unquam anteà sibi visum esset. Tunc sanè inquit Neophila, æquum est valde ut perlegeres: Illuc est. Legitque Araminta prout sequitur.

PHARMACOPOLA

Formosæ Suæ

ÆGROTANTI.

Domina,

EX Sermonibus vestris circè Clysterem, te nolle animadverto mihi totum id indicare quòd tibi satis constat;

ita

The *S U R P R I Z E.* *SONG.*

Come, come, ne'er seek from me to hide
What all the World can swear beside.

Fair *Aramint* at this displays
A flushing Colour o'er her Face ;
Tho' she with none could make so free
Beside, as with *Neophile* :
But yet insisted on't as true,
She nothing of the Paper knew,
As what she'd neither read nor view'd ;

Then 'tis but right that now you should,
The other said, and to her gave it,
Who read as you hereafter have it.

To his Fair PATIENT, barr'd from Sight,
Her POTHECARY's forc'd to write.

MADAM, it seems you, in your Talk
About the *Clyster*, make a Baulk,
And are unwilling to declare
The whole you know of that Affair.

So

ita ut de cæteris intelligam, Dæmonem invocare
 coactus sim; Quod tui gratia haud ægrè fero; ut
 tibi molestias abstergam loquendi, quod mihi in-
 notescere adhuc dubitasti. Sed posthac obsecro
 te, Domina, de Querelis & Contumeliis verbum
 nullum; quasi vel Benevolentia vel Observantia
 destitutus essem. Veruntamen jam Argumentum
 ingressus paululam me hæsitare confiteor, utrum
 ne malles ut ego te, sub umbra *Tertiæ Personæ*
 exciperem, prout tu me jamdudum excepisti; vel
 ut *Tertiam* aliquam Personam alloqui viderer, cum
 Teipsum reverè compellem. Ego certè *inter Ami-
 cos* sum sine fucis & fallaciis; meaque sententia
 est ut *Tecum* (*Larva exutus*) agam, non aliter
 quam si *Ipse idem* fuisset, qui Officium, quod te
 mon latet, singulare tibi præstisset, & *Tute ipsa*
 eadem quæ idem passa fueris.

Immò

So if the rest I would descry,
To Magic for't I must apply ;
Yet, even That you'll find me do,
With Pleasure for obliging you ;
Since I shall ease you of the Pain
(Which you'd avoid) of speaking plain.
But after such a Test as this,
I beg you, not a Word amiss ;
As if in me were a Neglect
Or of Goodwill, or due Respect.
Yet entring on so nice Debate,
I must confess I hesitate,
Whether when you I entertain,
I should my self another feign,
As lately you behav'd with me,
Or more agreeable 'twould be,
In Shew t'address another Dame,
When you're that other, and the same.
As to my self, I ever chuse
Plain-Dealing with my Friends to use ;
And now I've put off all Disguise,
Shall act with you no otherwise,
Than if I verily were He
That did, you know what, Service 'tye,
And you so serv'd, the very She.

E

Nay,

Imm̄d, certe Domina, Hoc facti nuda Veritas est ;
 & ipse ego me eundem fortunatum hominem pro-
 fiteor, cui honori summo fuit Servitium illud tam
 delicatissimae Fæminei Corporis parti absolvere.
 Servitium tūm tempestivum, tūm expectatum :
 Servitium non sine omni Humanitate & Modes-
 tia, tām datum, quām acceptum : Servitium dico,
 flexis Genibus oblatum, neque minori Reveren-
 tiā, quām Silentio, dono datum ; tāmque singulari
 Moderatione gestum, ut quamvis tam innumeræ
 omnium Venerum & Venustatum amœnitates asta-
 rent, quanquām vis Appetitus urgeret, me tamen
 solo insperati Contingentis beneficio beavisse oculos.
 Nimis es justa, Domina, & plus justo sapias,
 quām ut Servitium in Flagitium rapias :

Nay, Madam, 'tis our Case exact,
And this the Truth is of the Fact;
For I that Mortal am confess,
Who was so honour'd, and so blest,
To tender that same Service to
So delicate a Part of you.

A Service seas'nably effected,
And which that Instant was expected.

A Service done with such Address,
Receiv'd with Modesty no less;
Offer'd in Silence on the Knee,
Solemn as to a Deity;

Conducted with such gen'rous Care,
And Moderation singular,
That 'spite of ev'ry Charm and Grace,
Which look'd me wanton in the Face,
Tho' urg'd by craving Appetite,
I chose alone to bless my Sight,
With what the lucky Accident
So kindly to me did present.

Too wise and just, you, Madam, seem,
A Service as a Crime to deem;

& indubitate totius Sexus prima, quæ quempiam unquam objurgaverit, qui tam magnum ad Polchitudinem Momentum attulerat.

HÆC Epistola, quamvis faceta satè aliis cuiquam fuerit, nequaquam Aramintam allicere potuit ut modiè subrideret. Totum quod dicebat languide Neophilæ, tantam fuit, illam ad Neophilam pertinere se credidisse, nec supra Tabulam, prout ipsa simulaverat, inventam; non quin minimè dubitaret, ex Argumento Timantum Authorem fuisse, tantummodo pigebat quod sibi acciderat confiteri. Ex altera parte permanit in sententia Neophila, monstravitque Aramintæ Atramentum nondum etiam exsiccatum, scriptumque Papryum, cum eo quod supra Tabulam fuit, unum & idem esse;

And first of all your Sex, no doubt,
That e'er with any one fell out,
For his discharging such a Duty
As serv'd t'improve her Charms and Beauty.

THO' well enough this Letter might
In any other Mirth excite,
Yet *Araminta* prov'd the Joke
Could not a Smile from her provoke.
She only told *Neophile*,
In Semblance unconcern'd and free,
It must belong to her, who ne'er,
As she pretended, found it there.
Altho' the Subject was a Proof
Timante wrote it, plain enough ;
But then against the Grain it went
To own herself the *Patient* meant.
Neophile, on t'other Side,
By her Opinion would abide,
And shew'd the Ink as yet not dry'd :
The written Paper too, all one
With what lay there not writ upon ;

E 3

And

instabatque factum usque adeò, donec Araminta nihil aliud dicere potuit, quin idem esset sibi, an Epistola scripta fuerat ipsam suprà Tabulam, an Atramento suo super Papyrus suum exarata, tantisper dum sibi nunquam visa fuerat; nec cui desig- natam se novisse; aut quemquam unquam qui tale facinus perpetraverat illi innotuisse.

Neophila, cum animadvertisset Aramintam ferè ad incitas redactam, Historiam pro certo credere non dubitabat, sed ut Amicæ misericordiam adhiberet, Colloquium interrupit; attamen ita negotium instituit, (nam insignis erat ejus expiscandi Ars) ut priusquam discessissent, rem totam haberet exploratam, & cum intimis illius consiliis seipsum consociaret. Et jam tempus erat Amicæ melancholi- am,

And on the Fact so hardly bore,
That *Araminta* said no more
Than that it was the same to ~~her~~
If written on that Table 'twere,
Her Ink with, on her Paper there;
Since she ne'er of it had a View,
Nor whom it was design'd for knew;
Or Notion had of any one
Who such a Thing to her had done.

{

Neophile, when now she found
Her Friend was almost run o' Ground,
And that there was sufficient Proof
The History was true enough,
In mere Compassion now forbore
To press her farther on the Score;
Yet ne'ertheless so play'd her Part,
(Being Mistress of the fishing Art)
She got all from her ere she went,
And made herself her Confident.

And now it seem'd a Season good
Her Friend from melancholy Mood,

quæ tam insociabilem ipsam reddiderat, argumentis oppugnare, atque in meliorem animi habitum disponere.

*Amabò Araminta (inquit Neophila) omitte teip-
sam excruciare, de re tam abjecta tamque incerti-
dimenti, ne aliis ludibrio sis: An non, tuo ar-
bitrato, stultitiae summæ effet, si quælibet Fæmi-
na, cuius Partes posteriores revolutæ fuissent, adeò
tam infestam se gereret? Nollem te, de mea sen-
tentia, neque id apertè confiteri, nec tam pertina-
citer inficiari; sed potius partim jocò partim seriò
modicè prætereundum esse judicarem.*

*Illam Araminta non male præcepisse censuit, &
biduò post accepit à Timanto (cui pro Religione fuit
illam adire) sequentem banc Epistolam.*

TIMAN.

Which had her so unsocial made,
By solid Reasons to dissuade,
And bring her Mind to better State
Than what she had disclos'd of late.

Pr'ythee, dear *Araminta*, cease,
Quoth she, your self so much to tease,
About so silly, light a Thing,
Least others' Sport you on you bring :
If ev'ry Woman fretted so,
That such a Sight should chance to show,
A goodly Time 'twould be, I trow !
Not that I should, if it were I,
Or plainly own, or flat deny,
But with a seeming careless Air,
'Twixt Jest and Earnest, as it were,
Should rather chuse to wave th' Affair.

Fair *Araminta* heard her this,
Nor thought her Counsel was amiss ;
And two Days after to the Dame
The following Epistle came
From her late banish'd Cavalier,
Who did not dare to go and see her.

T I M A N T U S
C R U D E L I
A R A M I N T Æ.

Incertum est mihi quid tibi videatur de Litteris quas nudiustertius supra Tabulam reliqui; at crimen in te certè trahis, si Me non hominem facillimum humanissimumque confitearis ob labores quos in me cepi. Principiò, Magicas Artes consulendo, ut id investigarem quod tute ipsa velles me rescissere, nec tamen ausa fuéris indicare. Tum verò ut sponte mea Crimen faterer quod minimè tu probavisse potueras: Atque totum hoc, ut mandatis tuis satisfacerem.

Novissimo tempore, cum fælicitate tui videndi fructus fuisset, valde te mihi propter Curiositatem meam succensuisse arbitrabar;

attamen

*To ARAMINTA, cruel Fair,
This from exil'd TIMANTE bear.*

I Know not what your Thoughts may be
About the Letter left by me ;
But surely you're to blame unless
Me much obliging you confess,
For all the Labour and the Pain
Which I for you have underta'en.
First I to Magic Art must go,
To find what fain you'd have me know,
Yet dare not of your self to show. }
And then, that I should guilty own me
Of what you ne'er could prove upon me :
And all this to be done because
Your high Commands to me are Laws.

When last I was admitted to
The Happiness of seeing you,
Your Anger seem'd at me to rise
Because I had indulg'd my Eyes ;

But

attamen nunc Consolationis tuæ gratiâ, haud tibi negandum est, *Amoris Deum* non paululum de me supplicii tui gratiâ sumere. Ut nihil reticeam, nec meliore nec deteriore conditione fruor, quâm si de sanitate ac mente deturbatus, ob quandam Fœminam quæ intra quadraginta octo horas mihi, ne faciem ipsius unquam posthac viderem, interdixit. Si tu hæc ipsa Mulier sis, non mei muneris est, ut istud tibi suggerem; sed è contrario, experiendum est mihi, ut id ex animo tuo defluat. Indesinenter enim ago, ut omnes vias persequar, quibus me tuam redigam in gratiam, & ut tibi amorem meum conciliarem, utque pergratum id tibi pérque jucundum sit: Tum verò sic opinor, si tu dignitatis Fœmina deplorati Pharmacopolæ petitioni indulgeret, quâm longè id præter æquum & bonum esset.

Attamen

But, as a Comfort to your Pride,
By me 'tis not to be deny'd,
The *God of Love* does, for your Sake,
Upon me ample Vengeance take.

And that I may the whole confess,
Nor better is nor worse my Case,
Than that I quite distracted am,
And for a certain beauteous Dame,
Who, in this forty eight Hours Space,
Forbad me e'er to see her Face.

Now, if you are that very She,
To mind you on't is not for me ;
But rather I myself should set
On making you the thing forget.

No Ways or Means untry'd I leave,
Your late lost Favour to retrieve,
And so far win you to my Love,
That you the Passion may approve :
But then, me-thinks, it Shame would be
For one of your sublime Degree,
So much beneath you to descend,
A 'Pothecary's Suit t'attend.

Yet,

Attamen, *Domina*, si singula pensare dignareris, ipse ego Pharmacopola sum qui *Ægrotantes* suas eligit, quique solùm Mulieribus ob formas infingioribus suppeditat. Id quò certius constet, ipsa eadem Araminta, cui nec formæ, nec pudicitia, par, indubitate Testis erit. Jamque, O Dii immortales! ubinam gentium est ille ipse tam nobili Genere natus, qui non mea vice Pharmacopola locum ambiret? Interim, *Domina*, me pro amicitia, confirma, quo statu apud te sim, & ad quæ tempora te videre licitum erit fac me certiorem. Tunc demum prostratum ad pedes jacere videbis fidelissimum amantissimumque omnium Mortalium qui te peculiari colunt Adoratione

TIMANTUM.

Ludendi genus hoc affatim Aramintæ, satisfecit, paulatimque Timantum apud Dominam longè alia conditione esse commendaverat; quæ ut minimè prætereundum est, Christianæ nimis cbaritati addicta fuit,

Yet, Madam, putting all together,
 I'm not so despicable neither ;
 For I'm an *Opifer*, who still
 Elect my Patients at my Will,
 And only do th' assisting Duty
 To Dames of Honour, for their Beauty :
 As *Aramint* can Witness bear,
 That chaste incomparable Fair.
 And where's the Man, how great soe'er he,
 Would not be such a 'Pothecary ?

For Goodness Sake then, Madam, shew
 The present State I'm in with you,
 And when your Face I may review. }
 Then shall you prostrate see before ye
 That Mortal whose extremest Glory
 Is still to love you and adore ye. }

Proceeding thus, by Way of Joke,
 Full-well with *Araminta* took,
 And by Degrees on better Foot
Timante with his Mistress put ;
 Who, we're to tell you by the by,
 Had much more Christian Charity,

Than

ut contra quemquam Facetiis fluentem, lepidisque Moribus imbutum, malitiam ex corde diu exerceret. Attamen ut ad hanc, vel ad aliquam aliam adventuram Epistolam rescriberet, penitus erat aversata, donec totum id quod praeterierat effluxisset, ne memoriam fabulæ refricaret.

Cæterum hoc Timanto haud satis erat ut contentus esset; id enim agebat, ut amoris sui ardorem Aramintæ inculcaret, manifestèque ostenderet, studium illud nullis difficultatibus affici potuisse. Ita, utrum rescriberet, vel negligeret, hoc erat in animo iterum iterumque illam scriptis suis adire, quamvis in incertum; quod paulò post fecit in hæc verba.

T I M A N T U S

Formosæ atq; obmutescenti

A R A M I N T Æ.

QUID? quasi muta files? Canémve me putas indignum pabulo? omnino nunquam licebit iterum Aramintam videre? nec ab illa quidem vel saltem Literas expectare?

decies

Than long to hold an angry Fit
Against a sprightly Man of Wit.
Yet on no Terms would answer this,
Nor any Letter else of his,
'Till Time should over all prevail,
For Fear it might revive the Tale.

Timante not contented so,
Would let fair *Araminta* know,
The mighty Ardour of his Love
Was all Discouragement above :
And so resolv'd, that should she deign
To answer him, or should refrain,
He'd keep on writing, at a Venture ;
Nor was it long ere this he sent her.

*To silent ARAMINT impart
The Language of TIMANTE's Heart.*

WHAT? mute indeed? or can't y'afford
To an old Friend a single Word?
Must I ne'er see that Face again,
Nor hope one Line to ease my Pain?

decies mille Rheumatum Chiragrarūmque lacestant
 Oculos Digitōsque omnes omnium qui rem tam
 molestam & odiosam agitaverunt. Et totum hoc
 quantumcunque est, quamobrem? quoniam oculatus eram; Deliciasque illas perlustraveram, quas
 tute ipsa denudavera: Id ipsumque egeram quod
 tute ipsa mandavera, & expectabas, quamvis (ut
 patet) factum fuit vetitā manu. Quid putas? non
 ne hæc Exilii causa est probatissima? Exquisita
 benè sanè ratio miserrimum omnium Mancipium,
 qui te tam perditè amat, exitio dandi. Amabo
 læsam permitte partem ipsam litem suam facere,
 neque Tu tam queribunda sis à parte superiore, ob
 id quod parti inferiori adeò salutiferum oblatum
 fuit.

Cæteram

Ten thousand Rheums and Gouts befall
The Eyes and Fingers of 'em all,
Who such a Mischief rais'd upon me,
And have with you, alas! undone me.
And, pray, for what is all this Noise?
Only, forsooth, because I'd Eyes;
And those delicious Charms beheld,
Which you your self to Sight reveal'd:
And 'cause I did the Thing effect
That you had will'd, and did expect;
But then, we're giv'n to understand,
'Twas done by an improper Hand.
Now, Madam, don't you think the while,
This special Cause for my Exile?
A Reason exquisite, indeed,
For you so sharply to proceed,
And ruine thus your wretched Servant,
Who loves you with a Flame so fervent.
Let th' *injur'd Part*, for Goodnes Sake,
The Controversy undertake,
Nor you *above* so angry show,
For Benefit receiv'd *below*.

Cæterūm hoc solum est quod capio commodū
qui tam benevolus fui. Age, age, perge, si plā-
cet, méque ut reverā officio Pharmacopolæ fun-
gar perpellito. Me formosis hiantibusque Empto-
ribus non cariturn esse, haud dubium est, cùm
inter omnes constaverit, me primum Periculum
fecisse, & quid in te potis eram tentāsse. Ne me
provoces, sed facilis esto, nec nimis serō sapito.
Nam siquando in universali mēa praxi par specta-
culum offendam quod tute ipsa mihi præbuiſti,
non dubium erit quin à te deficiam. Et usque eō
expectandum est tibi, ut te meis Literis persequar;
sed si semel defecerim, in æternum valet.

Festivitatem hanc baud ab re duxit Aramin-
ta; attamen sibi deliberatum & constitu-
tum fuit, minimè aliquid rescribere: Quod
Timanto ultimæ hujus Epistolæ necessitatem im-
posuit.

TIMAN-

But this is all the Recompence
I get for my Benevolence.
'Tis well; and, if you please, proceed,
I'll turn Apothecary indeed.
Of Customers among the Fair
No Doubt but I shall have my Share,
When it shall publickly be known
My first Attempt on you was shwon.
Then don't provoke me, but be kind,
Lest Wisdom come too late you find.
For, if I in my Practice light
On one to yours an equal Sight,
You'll surely lose a Lover by':
'Till when, you may expect that I
You constant with my Letters ply,
Bur, — if I once desert — good b'w'ye.

THIS Banter was thought à propos
By her whom 'twas directed to;
Yet kept she to her Purpose tight,
That she'd not any Answer write:
Which drove *Timante* thus agen
To seek Assistance from his Pen.

T I M A N T U S

Aramintæ Formosæ;

Ubiubi erit

G E N T I U M.

Quanquam vehementer me commotum redidisti, tamen ad Misericordiam tam pronus sum ut hanc tibi culpam remittere potuerim si revera vitâ defuncta sis; si aliter contingit tibi *vivere atque valere*, merito me indeprecabilem invenies. Quid tandem est, cur cœlum ac terras misceas propter *Clysterem*? Perinde ac si totius tui Corporis Machinæ pulverem Tormentarium subjecissem. Siccine se res habet? ut *Tu* nunquam iterum mihi visenda sis, quia vidi *Id*, quod minime omnium me viderat, meique penitus inscius est, nec aliquid unquam de me graviter tulerat, neque vero quicquam omnino usquam à me accepisset, nisi quod, ut *Ancillæ* muneri *Vicarius*, præstitissimum? Non fuit causa cur te tantum excruciares propter id quod à parte inferiore transactum fuit,

To ARAMINTA, wheresoe'er,
The Object of TIMANTE's Care.

THO' you have play'd a cruel Part,
And made me angry from my Heart,
Yet I'm so by Good-nature led,
I could forgive you, were you dead ;
But if alive, and well's your State,
I doubt you'll find me obstinate.
About a Clyster all this Fuss !
As tho' it were a Blunderbuss.
And you again ne'er must I see,
Because I saw what could not me,
And of me quite unknowing is,
Nor e'er took of me aught amiss,
Nor any Dealing ever had
With me, at all, or good or bad ;
Save only That, when as I play'd
The Part of your own Chamber-Maid ?
You should not thus afflict your Heart
For what concerns a lower Part ;

aut cur tua ipsius iracundia te tantum permoveret, ut idem in ore excandefaceres, quod tam refrigeratum, tamque salutare in ventre se praebuisset. Aliiquid forsan amplius quod te latet dicere potuisse, de re quadam cuius testis oculatus eram, & ab istac de te poenas capere, si sic mihi velle libitum fuerit. At at *satis*.

Si certè sis *desiderata*, penitus obscurum est mihi, cur aliquid hujusmodi tantoperè te commoveret; si *superstes*, apagesis cum ipsis tuis mandatis, meipsūmque ut vivam finito; cum certò certius sit, vel tuam *Benignitatem*, vel *Crudelitatem*, aut *Vitam*, aut *Mortem* futuram esse

TIMANTI.

HÆ Literæ nullâ meliori fortunâ apud Aramintam quam priores expertæ sunt, citoque nimis Timantus intellectus id genus scripturæ negotium suum nullo modo prorsus promovere;

And much I think you merit Blame
 Your self with Passion to inflame,
 And in your *Mouth* make That to boil
 Which *elsewhere* was so cool erewhile.
 I could say more than you're aware
 About another nice Affair,
 As Witness of it ocular,
 And even with you so become,
 If I revengeful were —— but *Mum.*

If really you departed be,
 'Tis quite a Mystery to me,
 Why such a trifling Matter shou'd
 Thus put you into angry Mood ;
 But if you're this Side of the Grave,
 Your strict Injunction, pr'ythee, wave,
 And Life likewise permit your Slave ;
 Since he for Life or Death must wait
 Or on your Favour, or your Hate.

THIS Letter had Success no more
 Than those which had been sent before ;
 And very soon *Timante* found
 His Writing gain'd but little Ground ;

So

50 NOBILIS PHARMACOPOLA.

ut omnino nibil sibi reliquum esset si non alia aggreditur viâ, quâ suæ Amasæ (quam plus plûsque indies dilexit) se redigeret in gratiam. Neque ullam sibi commodiorem rationem judicavit, quam ut Neophilam sibi devinciret (quod proximum ejus opus erat) præsertim quum cognovisset, illam quodcumque voluit apud Aramintam potuisse. Cui quid fieri velit cum ostendisset, illa probè promisit se omnia facturam, quantosque processus efficiebat jam intelligetis.

Tempore constituto, cum Araminta, se visura, adventare deliberasset, Timantum prius ad domum repperat; & illico ipsum, ut sermones interpositos audiret, post Peristromata locaverat.

Araminta, inquit illa, gratiam necessum est ut mihi facias,

& im-

So nought remain'd for him to do,
But other Measures to pursue;
The Fair-one's Favour to recover;
(For he grew more and more her Lover)
So judg'd it well would serve his End,
To make *Neophile* his Friend;
(Which he was next to set about)
Because he had no Room to doubt,
But she had Weight enough to bring
His Mistress into any Thing.
So, when he told her what he'd have,
She Promise of Assistance gave;
And how she made her Promise good,
Will quickly thus be understood.

Upon a certain Time, when she
Expected *Aramint* to see,
She got *Timante* to her Home,
Before her Visitor was come,
And him behind the *Arras* plac'd,
To hear what Talk between 'em pass'd.

Dear *Araminta*, she begun,
I'm to request of you a Boon;

But,

& immediatè mihi fidem dabis minimè te denegaturam.

Araminta fidem dextrâ sancivit, id futurum; & extemplo Neophila Timantum offerebat, ut ipsius veniam obsecraret; imploratque ipsam, quod in posterum bonorem illi seipsum invisendi, prout anteà, concedere vellat. Magis te, Domina, quam oculos amo meos, inquit Neophila, & in Consuetudinem te dedisse tam alacris tamque ingenui viri, neque te, neque me unqnam pœnitiebit.

Huic Neophilæ intercessioni, Timantus genibus proris supplex, animo demisso atque humili, modesto que vultu, quod potuit verbis consequi, succinebat.

Paulò plus temporis erat priusquam, ob inopinatum bunc adventum, Araminta potestatem in seipsum habuit ut ad se rediret;

But, of your Friendship as a Trial,
Before-hand promise no Denial.

Said *Aramint*, I pledge my Hand t'ye,
Then t'other strait produc'd *Timante*,
For Pardon, who began t'implore
That he might visit as before.

Dear Madam, whom I truly prize
In Dearness equal to my Eyes,
The friendly Mediatrix cries,
If you to Grace again admit
A Man of such a sprightly Wit,
We neither shall repent of it.

As thus had spoke *Neophile*,
Timante falls upon the Knee,
And, with a Look of low Submission,
Prepares to second her Petition.

But somewhat longer 'twas before
The blushing *Aramint* had Pow'r
To recollect her from the Flutter
Wherein this odd Adventure put her;

And

ac jam tum replicatura, iterum muta facta, ne Aspec-
tum quidem Timanti sustinere potuit, cum aliam sui
corporis partem, nimis ipsi innotuisse recognitaret:
Dumque in has cogitationes diducta fuit, aliquandiu
stabant defixis oculis, neque verbum ullum interposuit.
Attamen ulterius habitâ ratione, fixum sibi fuit ni-
mis timidas istas ineptias missas facere, & aliquid
Timanto dicere, qui toto hoc tempore genibus pro-
volutus erat, in spem dum sibi Responsum redderetur.

Timante (*inquit illa*) amica summa mea est Ne-
ophila, & illius gratiâ, non moleste fero totum id
quod præteritum est condonare; nam fieri non po-
test ut odio habeam quicquid ipsa, quodcunque fu-
erit, in clientelam receperit. Quamobrem quod
semel dixi, Timante, deinceps tibi confirmo, quod
quæ facta sunt, quasi non transacta fuissent, omni-
nò nunquam recordabor.

And now just going to reply,
 Her Shame return'd, and put her by ;
 Nor let her look him in the *Face*,
 Who'd seen of her another *Place* :
 And as on that the Fair-one mus'd,
 With down-cast Eyes she stood confus'd,
 Nor for a while a Word produc'd. }
 At length, upon a second Thought,
 She was to Resolution brought,
 Those silly Feats to throw away,
 And something to *Timante* say,
 Who all the Time on bended Knee
 Awaited what she would decree.

Said she, *Timante*, let me tell you,
Neophile's a Friend I value,
 And for her Sake I am content
 What's past no longer to resent ;
 For I can never hate whate'er
 Is under her protecting Care,
 And therefore promise you again,
 What's done to wipe from Mem'ry clean,
 As tho' the Thing had never been. }

But

Cæterū ex altera parte necesse est ut te adjurem, minimè me posthac te visurum; & hanc, certa sum, non respues conditionem, saltem si verum est, quod maximè tibi cordi sit, ut meam redintegrare gratiam, aut si mei Tranquillitati animi, æquè ac Famæ consulere velles; nunquam enim mihi possibile videtur tui vultum sine pudore, atque molestia sustinere. Èa lege ignosco tibi id quod mihi, non cōdignum, fecisti; quantumque meis jussis morem gerendi studiosus fueris, restabit mihi judicandum.

Ab! Domina, inquit Timantus, vellēsne ut impossibilia astriktā fide aggrediar? Si me velis ut Amorem meum per Amoris incuriam demonstrarem, mibi nihil interest utrum uno eodemque momento amare & non amare interdiceres.

Amoris ipsa anima est Objectus amati ante oculos obversatio: Illâ remotâ, vice Consolationis, Amor ipse Morbus est.

Sed

But then, I strictly must enjoin,
That future Visits you decline ;
And sure you can't the Terms refuse,
At least, if you my Friendship chuse,
Or any Tenderness would shew
For my Repose and Honour too ;
For I perceive I ne'er again
Can look upon you, but with Pain.
On such Condition, Sir, it is,
I pardon what you've done amiss :
And what Regard you have for me,
By your Observance I shall see.

Ah ! Madam, said he, then must I
Engage Impossibility ?
If 'tis your Will that I should prove,
By cold Retreat, my ardent Love,
You may as well at once require
That I should love, and quench Love's Fire.

Of Love the very Soul and Essence
Is the beloved Object's Presence,
That once remov'd, its Comforts cease,
And Love it self is a Disease.

G

But

Sed quanta hæc hominum summa, *inquit Araminta*, qui contemplatione tantum contenti, Cupiditatibus indulserunt, ubicunque gentium furunt, desiderii igniculis tantummodo deliniti?

Pace tua, Domina, inquit Timantus, miserè cruciatus vivit, cui solum supersunt Spes & Expectatio: Verum utut tibi placuerit, utrum fortunatam, an amarissimam contigerit mibi vitam vivere; non deerit animi firmitudo patienter omnia ferre, nec non etiam tui ßudiosissimum esse usque ad extremum spiritum.

Sta promissis igitur, aiebat Araminta, & me tibi devincies, meâ causâ tibi ipsi poenas dando.

*Sic factum erit, Domina, (inquit Timantus) Vul-
tu mæstus & conturbatus. At verò tandem fieri
non potest, quin tempus —*

Satis jam verborum est, *inquit Araminta;*

But many a one, the Fair reply'd,
With Contemplation's satisfy'd,
And by its friendly sole Assistance
Can sooth Desire at any Distance.

Madam, *Timante* cry'd, your Pardon,
A wishing Life's a very hard one:
But whate'er Life you me allot,
If happy 'tis to be, or not,
I shall no Want of Courage show
With Patience all to undergo,
And prove my self entirely yours,
As long as e'er my Life endures.

Pray keep your Promise, then, quoth she, }
And I shall be beholden t'ye, }
For suffering so much for me. }

Madam, I'll do't, *Timante* said,
With Looks dejected and dismay'd,
But mayn't I hope, that Time ——
Forbear
More Words to make, reply'd the Fair;

tibi sufficere debet, te mihi pergratum fore, si quæ
jusserim curaveris: Et est quod te moneo, quod
qui semei sollicitus fuerit ut ad voluntatem suæ
Amasæ seipsum conformet, nullâ re facilius ipsam
sibi conciliabit.

Timantus, cum intellexisset fælicius hanc rem
quam arbitrabatur sibi successisse, ulterius progre-
bant probè duxit; sed fidem dans, promissa perfi-
cere, ex Ingenii bonitate, Temporisq[ue] accommo-
datione, meliora sperabat eventura.

E contrario tam affatim Timanti submissio ama-
bili satisfecit Aramintæ, tum Amoris erga se stu-
dio, tum Honoris gratiâ, quod illi significaret, ip-
sam quamprimum populi rumor consenserit, ite-
rum seipsum visurum admittere se paratam fore
& quod ad se attineret, cum ab omnibus sui Cri-
minis nulla amplius fuerit mentio,

It may suffice for me to say,
 You'll please me much if you obey :
 And I can tell you, whosoe'er
 T' oblige his Mistress takes a Care,
 Is in a ready Way to gain
 The wish'd Reward of all his Pain.

Timante finding more Success
 In this than he before could guess,
 No farther now would press the Matter,
 But trust to Time and her good Nature ;
 Assuring her, there should be no Miss
 Of strict Observance of his Promise.

Fair *Aramint*, on t'other Side,
 With his Submission satisfy'd,
 And with so great Affection shewn her,
 As well as high Regard and Honour,
 Declar'd that soon as e'er the Rumour
 Grew stale upon the public Humour,
 His former Freedom she'd renew,
 To visit as he us'd to do.
 And that, for her Part, when his Fault
 Should by the World be quite forgot,

neque ipsam fore novissimam quæ memoriam istius silentio præteriret.

Cùm dicendi finem fecisset, Timantus, omnium officiorum observantissimus, discessit. Nec longè post commorata est Araminta; sed nullo bac vice sermone dignata est Neophilam, de minima propensione, quam in se perceperat, viro indulgendi, quem nunc nuper cane pejus & angue vitaverat.

Apparebat ex colloquio, quòd Pharmacopola Ægrotanque sua seipso jam satis intelligerent; neque verò res latuit Neophilam; & eis paucos Dies, suam eò redegit amicam ut tantundem confiteretur.

Ad quod tempus, Lycander, (inter Procos spei plenissimus, quamvis Aramintæ non admodum gratiosus)

She'd no Occasion to give say,
She'd better Memory than they.

On this they part, and our Gallant
Took Leave in Manuer complaisant,
Nor long behind his Mistress staid ;
But not a Word she this Time said
T' her Friend *Neophile*, concerning
Her tender Heart with Pity yearning
For Him, that she so very late
Had seem'd so veh'mently to hate.

By what had pass'd it might appear
The *Doctor* and his *Patient* fair
Well understood each other's Mind ;
And that *Neophile* could find ;
Nor was it many Days before
She made her Friend confess it to her.

And now *Lycander* (whose proud Crest
Uplifted was above the rest
Of those that *Araminta* sought,
Tho' in her Estimation nought)

de Rure redierat, ubi non sine negotio absfuerat. Ejus ad Adventum lepidissima Clysteris narratione bilarem in modum acceptus erat; quæ delectandi loco, multò magis ipsum (tam valdè zelotypum temerariūmque) ita immoderatè ardere iracundiā adegerat, ut vix verbis exprimi potuerit. Nihil aliud sibi sufficere potuit, quin in Timantum vindicandi sibi necessitatem imponeret; neque id etiam, at primò Aramintam (utcunque inculpatam) reprobrare constituit; quod satis supérque primā suā Visitatio-ne fecit.

Spero te bene valere, Domina, inquit Lycander.

Ego optimè valeo, Domine, quódque mihi de nostro statu gratularis gratias ago, replicat Araminta.

Profectò, Domina, inquit ille, baud mibi dubium est; quin optime valeas: enimverò non me latet te nuperrimè Medicinæ indulſisse, ut convaleas.

Araminta, quæ satis bominem, & illius sensum penitissimè calluerat,

Return'd from out the Country, where
He'd been to manage some Affair.
On his Return, they did not fail
To greet him with the Clyster-Tale;
Which 'stead of taking as a Jest, he
(Being very jealous, and as testy)
Into so great a Passion fell,
As Words were not enough to tell.
For nought would serve his Turn, but he
Reveng'd must on *Timante* be;
But first he would reproach the Fair,
(However innocent she were)
And roundly, as resolv'd, he paid her,
On the first Visit that he made her.
You're well, I hope, good Madam, said he?
I am, Sir, thank ye, cry'd the Lady.

Madam, quoth he, of Doubt I'm clear
That you right Hail and Healthy are:
For I'm not ign'rant that you've lately
By Physic benefited greatly.

Fair *Aramint*, who could the Man,
As well as what he drove at, ~~and~~, *scan*,

Care-

hoc illi minimè laboratum Responsum dedit, Nescio quomodo tute ipse Rerum mearum tam sagax olfactor eveneris; attamen id, Bone Vir, asseverare ausa sum, & sic habeto, ut quicquid facio Medicinæ indulgendo, mea nihil refert, utrum, an non tibi placuerit.

Attamen, Domina, reposuit Lycander ille Rusticus, quanquam id tibi non cordi sit ut Animum expleas meum, mille Amatorum sunt, quorum voluntatibus summae tibi voluptati foret morem gerere: Alioquin à quopiam, cui sors contigerit, infundi te Clystere nunquam permiseras.

At certò scito, quomodocunque res se habet (inquit illa, modestà protinus erubescens indignatione) munus illud istiusmodi est, quod nullo modo prorsus de te recipiam.

Sanè, Domina, inquit ille, nusquam ego talem ambivi dignitatem; officium illud exequendum relinqu Procorum tuorum gregi, quibus forsitan plus cordi fuerit; ego Pharmacopolam agere dedignor, & usque dedignabor.

Careless reply'd, I wonder how
You my Affairs so well should know ;
But, Sir, I tell you, what I do,
Has no Regard to pleasure you.

But, Madam, said the Clown, altho'
Such Disregard to me you show,
There are a Thousand, whom to favour,
You'd strain to th' utmost your Endeavour,
A *Clyster* else you'd ne'er thought fit
From any Hand by Chance t'admit.

But, know, that howsoe'er it be,
(Blushing with modest Rage) quoth she,
An Office of that Sort I ne'er
From such a One as you should bear.

And truly, Madam, answer'd he,
The Honour's not desir'd by me ;
That I unto my Rivals quit,
Who'll be, perhaps, more proud of it ;
But I th' Apothecary's Part
Disdain to handle, from my Heart.

Ne tibi curæ fit, inquit Araminta, nunquam ego
id periculum in te faciam, utrum dedigneris necne.

Tantò melius erit, Domina, inquit ille; vereor
enim ne sim par Timanto.

Divinare non possum, inquit illa, quorsum eva-
das.

Sed affatim est, inquit ille, possum ego.

Jam satis diu fabulati fuerant hoc modo; & Ara-
minta toties quoties illi tam acutè responsa reddidit,
ut Lycander nibil reperire potuerit isto Adventu,
quam ob rem tantopere se jactaret, & sic evanuit.

Urgebat ipsum per totam noctem negotium hoc; &
prima luce cum surrexisset, ad Hospitium ubi Ti-
mantus commoratus est, istorum se capebat, ut ex
ædibus foras exirentem observaret, Gladioque vagi-
nâ vacuo suspectum sibi detrimentum sarcire pos-
laret.

Namque

E'en set your Heart, said she, at Rest,
I ne'er shall put you to the Test.

You'll do the better, Madam, said he,
Timante's at it far more ready.

Your Drift, cry'd she, I cannot tell.

I can, said he, and that's as well.

And now they'd talk'd it long enough,
Between 'em thus, with Scorn and Huff,
And *Aramint* so sharply paid him,
In ev'ry Answer that she made him,
That poor *Lycander* lost his Aim,
And so departed as he came.
Gall'd by Reflection all the Night,
He 'rose as soon as e'er 'twas light,
And to *Timante's* bent his Course,
To watch his going out o' Doors,
And for the fancy'd gross Affront
'To call him, Sword in Hand, t'account.

For

Namque id utcunque constituerat, ut in morem potius Accidentalis Pugnæ, quam Destinatæ Monachiae evenisse videretur. Horâ plus minus post ipsum expectaverat exit Timantus, nec longe remotus Lycander illum subsequitur, donec in obscurum Angiportum tam angustum quam infrequentem pervenissent, & ictico Lycander Gladium stringens ipsum adiit, præmonens illum ut seipsum tueretur.

Verbum unum Timanto sat fuit, qui tam fortiter pugnaverat, quod Lycander antequam Certamen finitum fuerit, se maximum adisse periculum sentiret. Æquo Marte, per varios Impetus concertaverant; at jam tandem Timantus inimico paululum sanguinis detraxit, & forsan illi multò pejus evenisset, si non alii appropinquassent, & Pugnam diremissent.

For he'd in such a Manner do it,
 As should a chance Rencounter shew it,
 And not give any Room to judge
 'Twas a set Duel, on a Grudge.

About an Hour there did he tarry,
 When issu'd forth his Adversary,
 Him follow'd he, not very near,
 'Till in a private Lane they were,
 Then coming up, his Rapier drew,
 And bade *Timante* do so too.

To him sufficient was a Word,
 Who so expertly us'd his Sword,
 That ere he'd done, he made his Foe
 The Danger of his Prowess know.
 With various Efforts both contended,
 And Victory a while suspended ;
 But bravely to't *Timante* stood,
 'Till he had drawn some hostile Blood,
 And more had done too, in the End,
 Had not some People interven'd.

This

Conflictationem banc non aliter quam Occursum subitum fuisse omnes arbitrabantur; haud tamen Adversarii tam immunes seipso comprobabant ut rigorem Juris experiri non dubitarent; ideoque multò magis sibi-ipsis consulendum esse existimabant, quò laterent, donec aut semei ipsos conciliarent, aut ad extremum usque dimicarent.

Facile conjecturā consequi potis es, quām diversē quilibet horum sortem illius diei animadverterat; dum Timantus Lætitiae plenus fuit, quia sibi tam in Hostem, quām ex Procis unum, omnia ex sententia simul successissent.

E contrario Lycander vix se suspendere dubitabat. Sed id quod maximè hominem usserat, erat ridicula Litis origo. Si non accensus Furiis fuisse, (inquit ille) minimè propter Clysterem in tam immane periculum me injecisse, nec de Vita, nec Fama naufragium fecisse; cum multis aliis bujusmodi.

This Skirmish was no other thought
Than a chance Quarrel on the Spot;
Yet were the Combatants in Fear
The Law might on them prove severe,
So judg'd it best to seek Asyle,
And keep themselves conceal'd awhile,
'Till, or their Peace were brought about,
Or they could meet and fight it out.

How diff'rently reflected they
Upon the Fortune of that Day!
Timante's Joy must overflow,
That o'er a Rival and a Foe
He'd had the Luck to triumph so.

On t'other Side *Lycander* scarce
In Rage to hang himself forbears.
But that which chiefly vex'd him, was
This bloody Quarrel's silly Cause.
Had I not been possess'd, quoth he,
A Clyster ne'er had injur'd me,
Nor both my Life and Honour wreck'd;
With more he said to that Effect.

H

While

*Jam verò dum Lycander adeò tantopere sèviret,
animòque angeretur, Timanto negotium fuit Ama-
siam suam Literis assequi; quod eodem die actum
fecit bis conceptis verbis.*

ARAMINTÆ FORMOSÆ,

Quam non audeo revisere.

TAM firmiter & constanter in Animo ha-
beo; tamque summâ Necessitate cogor
semper tui juris esse, vel in omnibus te-
cum sentiendo, aut omnia tecum improbando, non
aliter quam tute ipsa feceris, ita ut ob id quod nu-
perrime mihi contigit, nequeam dicere an melio-
re loco, vel deteriore statu sim, donec intellectu-
num tibi ratum fuerit. Si nihil in eo sit quod suc-
censeas, haud aliiquid optatus mihi cadere potuit;
an secus, pereo funditus.

Interea

While wounded both in Mind and Body,
Lycander thus employ'd his Study,
Timante's Bus'ness was to write
To *Aramint*, his Soul's Delight ;
Which he perform'd that very Day,
And gave th' Epistle thus to say.

To that incomparable FAIR,
Whom I to visit must not dare.

SO absolutely fixt am I,
So bound by strict Necessity,
According to your Laws to move,
And like, with you, or disapprove,
That I'm uncertain how to rate,
Or happy, or unfortunate,
My late Adventure, 'till I find
How it's determin'd in your Mind.
If you're not angry at the Deed,
Scarce more could to my Wish succeed ;
If otherwise, my Fate's decreed.

}

Interea statueram *Locutionis* aliquid, oblectandi gratiâ, tibi dono dare: Paucarum Horarum successivarum opus; sed mihi ne mitterem interdictum putavi, dum veritus sim ne ab illa nimia licentia mensuram faceres *Observantiae Venerationisque* erga te

TIMANTI.

A Raminta hanc *Epistolam* libenter accipiebat, sed nequaquam eo usque exorari potuit ut rescriberet; tantummodo vivâ voce Timantum certiorem fecit, pergratum sibi fore id oculis collustrare, cuius in *Literis* mentionem fecerat.

Id Aramintæ confessim à Timanto missum fuit, bujus quod sequitur societate conjunctum.

OPTA

Mean Time I, to you, had Intent
To send a Piece of Merriment ;
The Labour of an Hour or two,
Wrote merely for diverting you ;
But I've suppress'd it, lest you make
The Liberty I with you take,
A Measure of th' observant Duty
Which I'm for ever bound to shew t'ye.

FAIR *Araminta* took the Letter,
But, for her Writing, rest'd Debtor ;
And only sent him Word, that she
Would gladly what he mention'd see.

Timante was not long before,
Inclos'd in this, he sent it to her.

OPTATISSIMÆ

Fœminarum Omnium

In Toto

TERRARUM ORBE.

SI Nugæ, quas tibi jam concreddi, displicuif-
se contigerint, in te, Domina, conferto cul-
pam, quia tute ipsa jussisti: Intelliges, si
perlegeris, conamen illud esse conscriptum in lau-
dem — alicujus quod anonymum erit. In-
fanti nondum Nomen imponitur; Quid si *Enco-
mii* Titulum adhiberemus illi, vel quemvis alium,
ut tibi placuerit? Hilaritas illa si te delectet, ef-
feci id quod cupio. De taciturnitate rheia ne du-
bita, quin tam tenuis in verbis serendis fueris,
quam tute ipsa in illud ostendendo, de quo fit Ar-
gumentum, cauta fueris. Crede hoc, Domina,
meum fore, id nequaquam in lucem proferre, nisi
tu sis eadem quæ contrarium palam feceris.

Si

*To her, who'll easily be found,
The loveliest FAIR that treads the Ground.*

IN Case the Fool'ry that I send
Should chance your Ladyship t'offend,
E'en take upon your self the Blame,
Since 'twas by your Command it came;
On your perusing it, you'll see,
An Essay 'tis, design'd by me
In Praise of —— what shall nameless be.
The Babe I have not christen'd yet,
Encomium, shall w' entitle it,
Or any thing you deem more fit?
If it to your Diversion tend,
The Author has obtain'd his End.

No Question of my Silence make,
For backward I shall be to speak,
As you your self would be to show
The Subject that employ'd me so.
Believe me, Madam, that Affair
You'll never find by me take Air,
Unless, that, by your single Fault,
It to an open Light be brought.

Si sit aliquid in eo quod tibi displiceat, piget me fecisse, paratusque sum ut veniam petam. Tum denique, tam crudelem esse te non possum credere, ut id in Contameliam accipere velis. Jussu tuo quod feci factum fuit, & si peccaverim, ecquid amplius tibi comparare potis es, quam ut Pœnitentiam ageret, ac se submitteret

TIMANTUS?

Subrisit Araminta dum hanc Epistolam perlegret, quam festinanter expedivit, ut ad id quod sequitar adventaret.

NE vivam, Domina, si meminisse possim unquam aliquid tam mirificè me nupperri- niè delectasse, quam id ————— quod te non latet. Reverè prorsus, cum animo cogite speciosissimam illius Figuram decoramq; Pulchritudinem,

me

If what I've writ Offence should give,
The Author of it sore would grieve,
And readily your Pardon crave. }
But sure, you ne'er can take Affront
Since by your Order I have done't;
And, if I've been at all to blame,
What can you of me farther claim,
Than that I for it Penance do,
And totally submit to you?

THIS Letter, while she read, the Fair,
To smile upon't could not forbear;
But hurry'd o'er with greater Speed,
That she the following might read.

NEER, Madam, found I any Thing,
In all my Life so ravishing,
As *That*, by me so lately seen, —
Your Ladyship knows what I mean.

Its Form and Graces, when conjoin'd
By Recollection in my Mind,

Con-

me persuasum habeo, quod in toto terrarum Orbe nec habeat id quod vidi ullum fibi par, nec ullum secundum: Tam nitidum, tam *lævi Rotunditate* *molliter assurgens*, tamque *peræquâ Proportione* *distributum*. Tum præterea quod ad *Craſſin* attinet, *Ruborem* scilicet *Candorémque* purè naturalem, omnes omnium *Rosarum* *Liliorumque* Colores, neque *Nix* neque *Minium*, quæ unquam Poetarum greges in *Carminibus*, eroticisque suis *Fabulis*, post homines natos usque ad hanc diem *Fœminarum* *Malis* applicaverunt, ullo modo cum ea comparari possunt. Et totum hoc sine sumptu *Speculorum*, *Pulveris Odorati*, *Pigmentorum*, sive *Spleniorum*, tautummodo mollis nonnunquam *Lavacri* subſidio, quod ſufficit. Veriſſimum eſt concinnum hoc *Animal* æquè atque *Amoris Deum oculis* orbari: Tum verd nec minus certum ſi ſit oculorum expers, neque iisdem careat. Quippe quod nec ali quid habeat operis vel negotii, quin tam per *Tebras*, quam per *Lucem* effici potuerit.

Nec

Convince me, that the World around,
Its Equal is not to be found;
So neat, so plump, so gently rising,
Its Symmetry thro'out surprising.
Of it's Complexion may be said,
That, for pure nat'r'l White and Red,
The *Lily* fair, the scarlet *Rose*,
Vermilion, and the driv'n *Snows*,
All that e'er youthful Poets Fancies,
Or in their Poems, or Romances,
Have hitherto, from Days of *Adam*,
Apply'd to Cheeks of any Madam,
Must far in Competition yield
To such an ample Beauty's Field.
And this without the Cost and Care
That usually attend the Fair,
Of Mirrours, Powder, Paint, or Aid
Of aught in the cosmetic Trade;
Only a harmless Wash or so,
It now and then does undergo.
Like *Love*, the pretty Creature's blind,
And yet no Want of Eyes can find:
Since all its Bus'ness may as right
Be done in Darkness as in Light.

Nor

Nec in id efficiendo summâ etiam Prudentiâ de-
stituitur. Certe enim admodum perpaucâ loqui-
tur: *Oblatum munus minimè respuere pulchrè cal-
let: Cùmque satis sibi contigerit, quod factum
fuit tacere benè novit. Communis omnium est Re-
conciliator, ac Diribitorium tam Fatuorum quâm
Philosophorum; & ut uno verbo dicam, Admini-
culum, Solatium, Humanæque Naturæ Negotium.*

fit | E re nata, plura forsan ultrò citrōque dici po-
tuerint, sed affatim hæc. Exoro te, Domina, cùm
primùm amicus meus summus tibi visus fuerit, ut
à me salutem illi plurimam impertire velles. Non
sum nescius apud eum te primam esse, ideoque
quòd penes te quoque ~~per~~ pergrata Officia in me
conferre; nec defuturam te dubito, si tam mei cu-
pidissima sis, quam meritò exoptarem; præsertim,
cùm tibi satis constiterit, inesse huic ingenii festi-
vitati tantam Amoris, & Reverentiæ vim & mag-
nitudinem, ut nullius capacior esse potuerit Anima

T I M A N T I.

Incerta

Nor in the very doing on't,
Does it the utmost Prudence want.
To speak, it very seldom chuses ;
Nor a kind Offer e'er refuses :
And then it ne'er is such a Fool
As Tales to tattle out of School.

The Reconciler 'tis of Strife
Betwixt the Husband and the Wife,
And is the gen'ral Rendezvous
Both of the Wise and Foolish too :
It is, to sum up all in short,
Life's Business, Comfort, and Support.

More I could say on this Affair,
But chuse, at present, to forbear.

My best Respects, pray, recommend,
When next you see my worthy Friend ;
With whom, your Interest is such,
I know you there can serve me much ;
And will, I make no Doubt, if you
Regard me, as I'd have you do ;
Especially, when you shall know,
There's in this Gaiety I show
As much Respect and Love unfeign'd
As in my Soul can be contain'd.

To

Incerta fuit Araminta quid conjecturæ faceret de farragine bujus Epistolæ: Aliquid enim continebat quod risum merebatur, & rursum aliquid quod ipsam commotam redderet: Quippe quod Timanti festivitas extra modum prodiisset, cum Famam tam cœstæ ac verecundæ Virginis quasi ludibrio habitam exposuisset, atque id quidem res ipsa fuit quam illa ægerrimè tulit. Sed de Circumstantiis ratione habitâ, necnon de frequenti illorum incogitantia, qui quicquid in buccam venerit inter jocos effutire usurpârunt, sine mora prætereundum esse statuit.

Ex eo, (nam ab amicis & opportunitate quid non sperandum est) tandem Rex pacatus erat, cum non paucis asseverationibus certior factus fuisset, certamen id fortuitò contigisse, nec designatum, neque præmeditatum.

TO Araminta 'twas difficult
How she should take this same Epistle ;
For there was something in it might
Her Laughter well enough excite,
And something in it not so right,
Because *Timante* much too far
Had run the Humour jocular,
Which almost Satire seem'd upon her,
To ridicule her Virgin Honour ;
And that she could in no wise brook,
But of him very heinous took.
Yet, when she had consider'd better
The Circumstances of the Letter,
And that themselves they oft forget,
Who are so much on joking set ;
She judg'd, upon the whole, 'twere best
To take no Notice of the Jest.

As Time and Friends do any thing,
So —— now they had appeas'd the King,
About the *Cavaliero's* Fight,
As purely Chance, and not of Spight.

Then

Tum locus constitutus erat ad convenientum aptus, apud domum alicujus qui ambobus ex animo bene velle studebat, ut inter certantes Inimicōs iterum pacem redintegraret. In eum locum ad rem disceptandam introducti sunt; sed Lycandrum ut illuc adveniret hic labor, hoc opus erat exorare.

Postquam putabant omnia ex sententia bene successisse, rogans illorum unus quo pačo tantas turbas inter se se concivissent, Timantus fidem fecit se penitus nescire, verum quđ Lycander primò certamen intentans, illi prorsus rationem reddere potis erat.

E contrario replicat Lycander, id Timanto satis constitisse neque tam insciū eum esse, prout ipse simularet: Quod Timantus iterum ac saepius dejerabat non paucis Juramentis, Execrationibꝫque tam innumeris, ut omnes uno ore Lycandrum adirent rem ipsam indiçare obsecrantes.

Ille

Then was a Place appointed where
To hold a Congress on th' Affair,
The House of One, a Wisher hearty
Of Happiness to either Party,
A proper Person to compose
The Quarrel 'twixt the Rival-Foes.
Both came, but 'twas with much ado
Lycander dragg'd to th' Interview.

When all was over, as 'twas thought,
One ask'd on what Account they fought ;
Timante said he nothing knew,
For his Part, whence the Quarrel grew,
But that *Lycander*, who began,
To answer was the fitter Man.

To which *Lycander* answer'd gruff,
Timante knew it well enough,
Nor was so ignorant as he
Would of it feign himself to be :
Which still *Timant*, on t'other Side
So oft and solemnly deny'd,
That one and all with joint Request
Lycander to Discov'ry prest.

Ille omnia molitur, nè id ficeret, sed è magis instabant, neque ullum effugium a sequi potuit, cùm omnes secum reputarent Timantum contra jus fasque injuriis sine causa illum provocare noluisse. Jamdudum sollicitaverant ut vix denique prævalerent; tamen ad extremum Lycander aperte dixit, se de Timanto Zelotypum fuisse, Gladiumque nudavisse ut indignum facinus in Dominam sibi semper in honore habitam vindicaret; quam Dominam Timantus, fortuitò Clysterem infundendo, nimis injuriosè tractaverat. Ad hæc Societas cacbinnum susstulit, atque unus ex iis multò magis præ ceteris in risum solutas, tam acrem sonitum dedit, ut illi Lycander furibundus, ac Menze captus, ut qui in ridiculo habitum esse sentiret, eolapbum impingaret, ita ut Aula non minus alapā quādū cacbinno concuteretur.

Casu

Full backward was he to declare,
But with him they more instant were,
Nor had he any Room t' evade,
Since no One could himself perswade,
That he would, for no Cause at all,
Unjustly on *Timante* fall.

So long they ply'd him hard and fast,
That he was brought to own at last,
That Jealousy provok'd him so
To treat *Timante* as a Foe,
And that his Sword he on him drew
In Honour of a Dame he knew,
Which Dame, by Chance, *Timante* lately
Affronted by a *Clyster* greatly.

What Laughter sprung from such a Jest!
And one, more merry than the rest,
In higher Notes his Mirth exprest;
Lycander mad that he should mock,
And make of him a laughing Stock,
Strait gave him such a Box o' th' Ear
As shook the Hall in which they were,
As much as they with Laughter near.

Casu tam subito Sodalitium in varias & discrepantes scinditur partes. Cum Lycandero stabant aliqui, neenon etiam contrà steterunt alii, strictissimus Gladiis momento temporis ea res ad manus atque ad pugnam veniebat. Erant inter eos qui majori sapientia imbuti, illorum turbas atque rixas, quamvis haud difficulter, pacaverunt; sed non tam citò, quin duo vel tres, nimium præcipitanter inflammati, vulnerarentur; quorum Lycander unus erat, qui (quasi præmium temeritati debitum) stultitiae suæ pœnas dedit. Læsus erat non sine periculo; tamen id minima doloris sui pars erat: Namque nibil ipsum magis solicitabat, quam ut tam insignes ineptias egisse videretur, quo Famam ipsius in discrimen committeret. Ob quantis seipsum diris prosequebatur; Proh Jupiter! bine mibi, inquit, (me scabies urgeat) prurientis Amoris fructus, bocne pertulantis Mancipii præmium! sint eadem universis mei similibus expectanda:

The Company by this Event
Was into diff'rent Parties rent ;
Some of them Friends were of *Lycander's*,
And some were by the other Standers,
And in a Moment's Time th' Affair
With naked Swords produc'd a War.
More wise were some of 'em, and they
With much ado compos'd the Fray ;
Yet two or three that were too hot,
Had wounded in the Scuffle got,
And (of his Rashness as Reward)
Lycander in their Fortune shar'd.
His Hurt was not from Danger free,
Yet least concern'd at that was he ;
For there was nothing vex'd him more
Than Fame to risque on such a Score.
What Curses call'd he on his Head !
Are these the Fruits, ô Heav'n ! he said,
The Blessings of a Love Intrigue !
(Confound my Folly, with a Plague)
This Premium waits an am'rous Slave !
May all such Fools no better have :

Dii Deæque omnes illam, atque illius omnia meipsumque perdant, ipfius si unquam iterum mentionem faciam. Accepi duo vulnera pro uno Clystere.

Quodcumque dictum, vel factum à Lycandro fuit, id ipsum Aramintæ renunciatum erat, cui Zelotypia incredibilisque Stupiditas hominis jam satis innotuerat; ideoque omnino omnia ita dicta, ita transacta fuisse, nullo modo prorsus suspicari potuit. Age, inquit illa, quandoquidem fibi ipsi dejerare tantopere perplacuit, faciam ego unum hoc quoque Juramentum; nunquam me illum iterum intuituram, si possibile fuerit, ut illius aspectum aufugere possim.

Jam tum cum primùm Aramintæ fixum fuit, ipsum quidem illud quod decrevisset persequi, intrat Neophila, vice Timanti de Connubii conditionibus disceptatura; qua in re non solum Araminta secum reputabat se sui juris esse, verum etiam tam Honoris, quam rellæ Rationis, propriæque suæ Voluntatis vinculis astrictam.

And may the Devils of ev'ry Feather
Vex — her and her's, and me together,
If e'er I name again the *Puff's*,
To suffer for a *Clyster* thus !

Whatever he had said or done
Was strait to *Araminta* blown,
Who well his jealous Folly knew ;
Not doubted all she heard was true.
Come on, since he's so good, quoth she,
So ready at abjuring me ;
I'll make a Vow as well as he ;
No more to set my Eyes upon him,
So long as I have Pow'r to shun him. {

Upon her fixing this Decree,
Came in her Friend *Neophile*,
On brave *Timante's* Part t'entreat
By Marriage she'd his Hopes complete ;
In which she knew there wa'n't a Soul
Had Righr her Conduct to controul,
And Honour, Reason, Inclination,
Join'd all together in Perswasion ;

Præterea, *Lycandrum à se penitus ab alienaverat.*

Clysteris hoc eventum ad futuras Nuptias multum admodum contulit. Reputabat enim Araminta familiaritatem illam cum posterioribus Mulieris partibus quasi quoddam Conjugale Privilegium, efficaciterque duxit in arrbam Matrimonii datum: Quod propediem consummatum erat, miserrimi Lycandri nullâ ratione habitâ; qui per totum id tempus lecto tenebatur, tantis Corporis angoribus, tamque incredibilis Animi molestiis implicatus, ut vix intellectu concipi potuerint. Visum erat omnibus quidam portenti genus Clysteris bujus fuisse vim: Nämque Cor ~~ipso~~ Aramintæ virtute suâ suffudit, utque duo in unum coirent efficiebat; qui cum plus pluſque millies usitato more seipſos inviſiſſent, tamen ne quicquam tale aliquid unquam anteā ſomniāſſent.

Hæc Pharmacopolæ Historia Ægrotantisque ſuæ, permultas Vocationes, convivalēſque Fabulas inter Ingeniosos & Facetiarum plenos frequenter agitabat;

nullis

Besides, 'twas over with *Lycander*,
Who now was turn'd adrift to wander,

The *Clyster* thus, as it fell out,
Was what the Marriage brought about.
For *Araminta* look'd upon
The Office by *Timants* done,
To be a nuptial Privilege,
Before-hand taken as a Pledge :
And soon the Couple consummate,
Regardless of *Lycander*'s State,
Who still was to his Bed confin'd,
With Body pain'd and raving Mind.
The *Clyster* seem'd t'have Magic in't,
It wrought so on fair *Aramint* ;
And by it's Virtue join'd were they
Who'd seen each other ev'ry Day,
Yet in their Course of visiting,
Had never dream'd of such a Thing.

This Story of th' *Apothecary*,
And of his *Patient* was so merry,
That it excited many a Joke
With pleasant and facetious Folk ;

Yet

nullis tamen Famæ maculis nec Contumeliarum aculeis; nam ambo pares suavitate Morum quam Naturæ dotibus affulserunt; & totum quod dictum fuerat, vel dici potuerit, hoc unum erat, Timantum tam feliciter opus suum expleuisse, ut jure ac merito præmiis sibi debitiss donaretur.



Yet free from Satire's pointed Sting,
A Blot upon their Fame to bring ;
For Manners sweet, Endowments rare,
Approv'd them both an equal Pair :
And this was all upon the Head
That ever was, or could be said ,
Timante well had play'd his Part,
And was rewarded for his Art.



